

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

VOL. 145.
THIRD SERIES, VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 6.

The Star of the Magi.

By LEONARD CHRISTOPHER.

The dull hard gray had softened with the night
The desert highway sought its evening shroud,
Low silence ruled the trackless Arab sands,
A pious vigil kept the travelers,
As waited they for starlight sweet to guide
Their patient animals upon their way.
Three kings were they from far-removed realms,
Not royal born after the mind of earth,
No purple decked their persons tall, uncrowned
Their regal brows; howe'er three kings were they
Of noblest gentile worth, three kings of thought,
Of philosophic lore, revered by those
Who shared their board and hospitality.

The first, sprung from the ancient loins of
The Nile, where worshiped priests of Isis and
Osiris, gods of men before the land
Of Pharaoh languished under Shepherd kings
From southern highlands. In that nation old,
That patriarchal birthplace of the power
Imperial, a mystic creed was taught,

Was handed down in trust from man to son,
A creed of world redemption from the chains
Of slavish custom by a Holy One.

From Indus came the second king,
The womb of spirit truth and reverie,
Whose sons knew well the transcendental vein,
That traversed infinite Divinity;
He came to seek the heaven-sent spirit soul
His intuition had revealed to him.

The other, born amid Pelasgic love
For reason and philosophy, had come
He knew not why. Was undeveloped his
Belief in occult power, no dreamer he;
Nor had he come because tradition vague
And aged pointed him the way to see
The Messianic life, incarnate by
A sinless virgin of King David's line.

Borne down with princely gifts and frankincense,
The treasures of the sacred river Ind,
The peerless heirlooms of the Pyramids,
The wealth of Greece preserved from Roman spoil
Borne down with gifts, the royal pilgrims kept
Their silent journey, guided by the Star,
The jewelled wonder of the Orient,
Whose glory shone for gentile kings and showed
A pathway to the humble khan, where lay
The Holy Child, the Galilean Prince.



Caucus Revival.*

By WILLIAM HEMSTREET.

AL through our electorate there is a fatal neglect of the caucus which is the fountain head of our government. The result is wide and incessant complaint. What the faults are let each citizen decide for himself. In every land politics has been looked upon with aversion, but it was supposed that our experiment with universal suffrage and minute representation would make this country the promised land of civic perfection. So it would, if applied. On the contrary, our reform associations, citizens' committees, good government leagues, law enforcement societies and all individual advisers with their many green and abstract theories are living protests against existing conditions. Goldwin Smith, who resided and wrought among us, says our "doom is sealed." This strikes upon all observers and thinkers like a knell. Macaulay wrote that we should be destroyed in the early part of the twentieth century by our own Goths and Vandals within. A few months ago Felix Adler said, "We are passing through the most trying period of our history." "Blackwood's Magazine" recently published this: "The United States are animated with a spirit of lawlessness unparalleled in the history of civilized nations." These veteran observers and thinkers stand upon the shore of our current and can see our movement. Dr. N. McGee Waters said in a recent sermon, "The peril of our nation lies in the neglect of those who owe it most." And Dr. Lyman Abbott is quoted, "The apathy of men who sit in church pews is one of the greatest

causes of corruption in our government." These sayings by responsible men constitute an indictment that must be tried.

It is not true that this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people, except in theory. President Raymond said so. We are content with a mere alternative vote of two tickets presented to us by our proxies who are practical politicians enough to monopolize the honors and profits of government. We are speaking here more for local affairs. It is only for the whole people, not a part, that a democratic form is applicable. The voice of the whole people is the voice of God. The voice of part of the people is the voice of the devil. The politicians govern selfishly through the initiative caucus. Why may not the people patriotically? We are too squeamish. That is not democracy.

We have made too much money and have become too nice. Oh, yes, we are rich and powerful, presumably; we can build battleships costing four millions of dollars each, but we hire a few martial spirits to stand behind the guns. We have turned square traitors to our institutions. We will neither attend a party caucus nor hold one of our own; we will neither vote for our country nor fight for it; we leave that to the proletariat. Our many reform devices are mere apologies for our own laziness. There is nothing that the average American so instinctively abhors as a caucus and primary, although they are the very key to all law making and law administration.

* Copyrighted, 1906, by Eclectic Magazine Printing and Publishing Company.

But this aversion is founded on some reason, because politics with the absence of the whole people is the native pool of mean men and brings out the latent meanness of a good man. The writer of this knows that by experience. He assumes to give counsel, because for forty years he has been a practical politician, office-holder, office-seeker, "sore-head" and reformer. He has boiled down experience to the proposition that the caucus is the soil of politics and must be delved. Gentleman-farming will not suffice. A good citizen will devote some of his conscience, intelligence and energy to the *initiatives* of government. It requires only two or three evenings a year to understand our system that is already perfected as an evolution of the political common sense of the American citizenship, a system that cannot be superseded by any device that is more direct, wise, simple or just.

There is no fault in machine politics, except that it is not filled out with flesh and blood. The whole people conducting our two parties' caucuses would answer to the theory of our institutions. Those deliberations would become the very forum of the American people, ennobling, encouraging to merit and giving the very best representation instead of the worst.

It is not worth the space here to discuss how far the citizen is bound by party. He may be above either party and yet have no means of effecting his views approximately, except through a party. When an army meets its enemy, it has but one purpose, although there are many different opinions. The complaints and court-martials take place after the battle. The two great parties are here as a matter of fact, the natural popular division of all countries. They are the two legs of the national progress. All efforts outside of them are waste of political energy. If your party does not suit you, reform it from within, for the other party is worse. We are not yet morally developed enough for holy spontaneity, so there must be parties to organize and apply human opinion, else what is everybody's business would be nobody's business. But for the machine

politicians our government would be in the air. These parties being here have established a system of presenting their candidates and issues to the general public, and whoever does not take advantage of that system remains negative.

Theorists may say that the machinery of caucus, primary and convention, as now sanctioned by three-fourths of a century, is not logically correct, but the answer to that is that it is the only means of organization we have, and resembles the militia—not organized for city war by its tactics or make up, but it is the readiest thing we have in emergency.

Theoretically there will come a time when our homogeneousness will require no party, but that time is too far in the future to concern us. Even then there will be a few men who are active and ambitious enough to make a minority government which will be cheerfully acquiesced in. But until then there will be two natural divisions of conservatism and liberalism, morals and license, aristocracy and democracy, concentration and dispersion, wealth and poverty, tariff and free trade. Such divisions naturally and everywhere crystallise in party expression. The battle between them must be that of political sagacity. The hilarity of our people on the evenings after an election and their cheerful acquiescence on the next morning when they all repair promptly and quietly to their several vocations show how profoundly we believe in the ballot box. So the State, to vouchsafe a majority government, should provide for only two parties, holding the primaries again and again, if need be, to secure a majority ticket, the same as at a convention. It would pay in the end.

From a long acquaintance with reformers and their procedure this writer states that without exception they have had but little practical experience, are visionary and heated with virtuous indignation, have never attended their own little home caucus and primary, and would have no personal influence there, if they should. Although meaning well they set a bad example of ineptitude and waste

of ammunition that the public is entitled to in some organized way. The conscience need not be bound by party, but should be to one or the other alternatively and God will take care of the consequences. It is absurd for one to complain of politicians, when one has the power to forestall them by the initial steps where they get their power. The Fulton Cuttings, Felix Adlers, Seth Lows, Jeromes, President Schurmans, Bonapartes, Goldwin Smiths and such like should immediately adjourn themselves and become the frequenters and leaders of their own polling districts, which might require all their abilities.

Most reformers are but political orchids, high up in the air, without sustenance, riding upon the sturdy trunk of practical politics. Although they look nice, there is no smell to them. Or, to use a Rocheism, they are like agricultural writers who never handled a hoe, or like military authors who never pulled a trigger. Votes count, not speeches or essays. The "boys" have their personal comrades and obligations, which come in before the public good. They coldly "play the game." Half a dozen henchmen will outdo that number of college professors; the vote of a "bum" is worth more than that of a bishop because of its greater facility. That is just what popular government—free institutions—means; and you, American sovereign, must come right down to the initial voting or recall George III.

The king is said to be the fountain of honor. Where is our fountain of honor, but in the will of the whole people? And the will of the whole people can be expressed only by the whole people attending to politics all the way through, not the tail end. This does not mean all the year round, for if all the people were in the habit of attending at the primary steps, less machinery and technique would be required. The average American can take in all there is in party administration in one evening's attention, study and coaching.

The whole people would be a majestic and powerful king, for it is agreed on all hands that the heart of our people

is sound. But it takes too great occasions to get into that heart; it is too much encaused with money making and pleasure.

In the movement to revive the caucus, let it always be borne in mind that the independents and reformers—the people—are ten to one against the habitual politicians. All that is necessary for successful revolution is for the nine in ten to organize in their own election districts. This can everywhere be done in a day. From them, conventional development will come naturally and healthfully. From that start the best material is chosen as delegates to conventions, and from that all reforms will flow. The populace can go no higher; that is their only field and they should regard that with the greatest jealousy. Beyond that their delegates do the work.

Jerome said he "went into this fight for liberty, for a restoration to the people of the power that rightfully belonged to them." Nobody deprived the people of their liberty and power but themselves. We cannot raise a Jerome every year; and his success will only make a confusion of imitators. His friends having gone into the caucuses would have saved the expense and risk of a third canvass. It is the same with the Hearst people. The opposition to Tammany has not profited by the first Seth Low defeat, when by scattering they placed Van Wyck in power for four years, although he was fifty-six thousand in a minority. So now the opposition by scattering have placed Tammany in power for four years, although McClellan is in a minority of one hundred and twenty-two thousand. Fine political sagacity these American electors have! This 326,922 got the shell, while Tammany's 204,160 got the oyster. The Ivins vote with the Republicans who voted for Hearst would have placed the Republicans in power by the slough off from Tammany of the Hearst Democrats. Shall this waste and tumult and expense be repeated? It will, unless the people learn to go into the initiatives of nomination.

The vaunted reason for the great vote of the independents of both parties was

to "rebuke the bosses," forgetting that the mettle that makes bosses never accepts rebuke. But, should the bosses now have the political decency to retire, more bosses would arise at the very next campaign unless the independents seize possession of the caucuses and primaries forthwith, and continue possession of them. But there can be no greater folly than the new proposition of "direct voting" at the primary for party candidates without the intervention of conventions. A popular caucus would make an unpurchasable and undaunted convention. Direct voting would raise a cloud of green candidates, who, by their divisions, would aid the organized machine to a triumph by a plurality vote. Direct voting might suffice in the case of a very prominent and popular man, but there are many candidates to be provided, and one primary of direct voting would confound confusion. Several primaries, until a majority candidate could be reached, might answer, but that, besides being expensive and tardy, is already met by the present slick and common sense method of the caucus and primary, which would maintain a majority candidate who would have the old-fashioned enthusiasm of the party, and, only two parties being recognized, would give a majority victory which would be strong and supporting to the official. This direct voting scheme is one more device to indulge political laziness and class exclusiveness.

Even where the law has not organized a primary and its preceding caucus, the people can always improvise their own and carry their choice through the conventions. Pre-consultation is necessary in every form of social action. That is caucusing. So the State, above all, requires the deliberation of its citizens. This is the country town meeting whose counterpart is the city caucus. There, all citizens must mix or give up their republic. Many Americans are now itching for a king. Money, or what is called material prosperity, has given us a national political anemia. But to arouse the private conscience of the people to this political interest is on a par with getting up a religious revival, and all

leaders of thought should unite in teaching this civic duty.

It should be so ingrained in the American youth to attend the caucus and primary that it would be considered a shame and disgrace to miss it. If this moral and voluntary uprising cannot come about, then the law should step in. Observant politicians say the people will not be aroused. They know. So let there be a universal conscription.

To enforce popular attendance at the caucuses a new amendment to the primary law would be required and additional duties by the Board of Elections. But that will work no hardship upon the electors. Every eligible voter must present himself to the board for enrollment under pain of disfranchisement and inhibition from using the courts of law as a plaintiff.

If Americans will lie about jury duty, perjure off taxes, attend opera or whist on caucus night, or go fishing or golfing on election day, then the law should say, "A place is provided for your deliberation with your neighbors; go thither and cast some ballot or be disfranchised and keep out of the courts of law." Popular government means responsibilities. Let every American take a mirror, have a square look at his own face and ask himself the question, "Am I an American citizen or a parasite?"

We have come to this, that it is caucus or chaos. There should be one public caucus for each party, controlled by the State as the primary is now controlled by some States. This would be popular and inexpensive, all private caucuses being regarded in the light of conspiracies. This will be the only way to nullify the use of money in nominations and elections, for the people cannot be bribed, the people cannot hold office, the people are public spirited, brave and wise. This is the only way to put the civil service rules upon a sure footing. This is the only place to give the people their true choice as against the sinister schemes of self-pushers. This is the only way to prove to the world what is meant by popular government, which

many publicists say is no government at all.

Let the fountain of honor—the will of the people—drench out the Augean stables of sporadic corruption. But our local governments are no example to the citizen. Only the national government, which is to a greater degree out of the direct reach of the citizen, is respectable. Peculation in office is rife and fraud and bluff are everywhere the rule of conduct. The average conscience is patterned after the criminal statutes. Altruism is extinct and patriotism no deeper than a flag and a song. We have no fountain of honor, except in the latent resources of the whole people.

The practical procedure of this political revolution could be about as follows, and this is based upon varied experiences: Let a few reform voters get together in each election district and make out a list. The circle will widen. Make this a politico-social club pledged to summon every party man to the caucus and its ensuing primary, there to act freely his own will. Watch for the regular party caucus and take possession of it as a majority. This makes delegates of the best material in the conventions. The best material all through will solve all civic problems, no matter how the general election goes. This universal caucus would be as wholesome as the vernal sun. Not until this truth is universally adopted will there be lasting improvement.

The people, by their great majority over the machines having triumphed at

the primaries and elected their party administrations, should make immediate and permanent the following party rules:

1. To influence every voter to join the league and to vote at every party caucus and primary;
2. To have no delegate in any convention, or permanent committee, who is on the public pay rolls;
3. Delegates to all conventions and permanent committees to be voted for by the people, either at the election district primary or a re-established ward primary;
4. The appointment of the nominating committee in the caucus to be by open nomination and secret ballot, and votes in all conventions to be by ballot;
5. The league not to nominate nor indorse candidates;
6. The league to promote legislation to have the State adopt and manage the caucus also and to provide a public place for popular conference in each election district.

The party first adopting these rules would sweep the country and keep it swept. These would arrest the declining political spirit of the young who see increasing the power of the bosses. In greater New York two Republicans and two Democrats distribute all offices and many fortunes. This is shameful and fatal. Military government is in sight. It is now with us—caucus or king. This is the last result of political arithmetic.



FOREIGN LITERATURE.

An Indian Retrospect.

By AMEER ALL
LATE JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT, CALCUTTA.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

IN a recent much-criticised speech Lord Curzon took occasion to observe that "public opinion in order to exercise a vivifying and steadying influence must be suggestive." Public opinion in India, as in most other countries, must always be the opinion of her educated classes, who, happily, as time goes on and they become better informed, evince a more accurate appreciation of the motives and actions of Government. Unfortunately, owing to the peculiar conditions of the country, in matters affecting the different communities there is great divergence of opinion, although on general questions the uniformity is surprising.

Naturally "public opinion," in so much as it professes to be the opinion of the general public, is not so effective and does not carry the same weight as it would otherwise, were the nationalities of India more homogeneous or more willing to approach special interests in a spirit of compromise. Under these circumstances the standpoint of an independent observer is often of greater value.

Twenty-five years ago I offered to the public in the columns of this Review "Some Indian Suggestions for India," which attracted at the time a certain

amount of notice from the authorities here, and which even the Indian Government did not think unworthy of consideration. Many of these suggestions have since been translated into fact, and the country has unquestionably made considerable progress within this period on the lines then forecasted.

A glance at the work done and an attempt to indicate the points which still require reform or improvement will not, I imagine, be without interest at a juncture when the consolidation of the Empire appears to be a subject of moment, or wanting in that quality of "suggestiveness" which makes criticism useful.

To judge of the change that has come over the spirit of the administration one has only to look half a century or so back. In 1844 an English writer in the "Calcutta Review" pronounced that "exposure of evil was the prevailing horror of the Anglo-Indian Government." This failing can hardly be attributed nowadays either to the Government of India or the provincial Governments, for they often invite moderate and reasonable criticism, and do not allow themselves to be over-ruffled when it is neither the one nor the other. This in itself is an advance which cannot be too highly estimated.

One of the severest indictments framed against the system in force in the middle of the last century was by Sir Henry Layard, traveller, statesman, and diplomatist. Journeying in India in 1858, whilst the Mutiny was still unsuppressed, he described the East India Company's rule in words which deserve quoting. "We have done nothing," he said, "to form a bond of sympathy or to create mutual interests. The people we govern are treated like a distinct race inferior to us. They are excluded from all share of government, they can never rise to anything beyond inferior posts. . . . Under it money-lenders . . . make their fortunes and enjoy them; but the cultivators are reduced to the utmost poverty, our rule having utterly destroyed the native gentry."

*It is a startling thing to say, but it is nevertheless a fact, that from the horrors of the Mutiny came the salvation both of England and India. The downfall of the Company's regime and the assumption of the government by the Crown, with the proclamation which ushered it in, marked an unprecedented awakening in the political conscience of a dominant nation; for England then began to realise her obligations and responsibilities towards the inhabitants of her great dependency, whose safety is now recognised as essential to her own existence as a world-Power. The new system of administration proceeded on different principles, and was based on an equality of rights among all the subjects of a common sovereign.

Twenty-two years later, when I placed my "Suggestions" before the public, this recognition had already borne substantial fruit. Offices of emolument and trust had been tentatively opened to the natives of India; they were represented in the councils of Government, and greater regard was paid to their opinions and feelings on public questions.

The legislation during this period—between 1858 and 1880—save in one respect, had an ameliorating tendency. The one exception relates to the exaction of Government dues, of which more further on. Since 1880 the country has witnessed still greater changes. In the face

of these facts it would be absurd to say the Indian Government has not kept in view the principles and pledges of the Queen's Proclamation. The hand moves slowly, sometimes too slowly, the pendulum oscillates backwards and forwards, but the ultimate trend is in the direction of improvement. Naturally the slow progress does not evoke much gratulation among the educated classes, and the desire to keep them indefinitely in statu pupillari is regarded with more than impatience.

Among the subjects to which I had drawn attention in 1880 were the bankrupt condition of Indian finances, the stringency of the revenue laws, and the necessity of improving the status of the peasantry of Bengal and of broadening the Councils. The advance in these directions is most striking.

Public revenues have augmented within the last decade by several millions; instead of a hopeless deficit there is a real surplus, and that without any substantial retrenchment, and in spite of the creation of new departments. The salt tax, on the onerous nature of which I had ventured to dwell at some length, has been appreciably reduced. Although a part of this prosperity is no doubt due to a somewhat uncertain factor, namely, the price of opium, it must be ungrudgingly acknowledged that the financial outlook at present is most favourable. Nor can it be denied that, generally speaking, the resources of India during the last twenty-five years have been carefully husbanded and often strenuously safeguarded, whilst the strong attitude taken up against dragging her into the vortex of the fiscal controversy raging in England shows that her interests will not be allowed to be sacrificed on the altar of "imperial" policy.

The improvement of the police, which still forms a serious blot on British Indian administration, has been taken in hand; a department of commerce has been inaugurated from which great hopes are entertained for the country; whilst the establishment of a model farm and an agricultural college in the province of Behar is an indication of growing inter-

est in the scientific development of that industry on which the prosperity of India as a whole mainly depends. And the comparatively recent appointments of Inspector-General and Directors of Agriculture point to the same conclusion. When one compares the meagre work performed so far by the Indian Government bureau in promoting agriculture with that done by similar departments in other countries the contrast does seem remarkable. In the United States the Department of Agriculture collects valuable information from all sides, relating to the cultivation of land, the products suitable for different kinds of soil and the best method of increasing its productiveness, and distributes it freely among all classes. It is to be hoped that under the new system the agricultural prosperity of India will become an object of solicitude with all classes.

As regards taxation, although its general incidence remains unaltered, in many respects considerable relaxation has been afforded to the tax-paying public. Similarly one observes with gratification the attempt recently made "to free the land revenue administration from the evils of excessive rigidity," and "to introduce in its stead an elasticity sufficient to ensure in times of agricultural calamity that the burdens of the cultivating classes should not be aggravated by any unreasonable insistence on the demands of Government."

The resolution enunciates an admirable precept, but in the absence of some modification in the law it is permissible to doubt if it will lead to any practical result. Evidently the full effect of the revenue policy of 1859 is not sufficiently realised. I therefore venture to quote my remarks on this subject in 1880:

"The rigour with which the land tax is exacted all over India, regardless of all questions of droughts and floods, bad or good harvests, has conduced to no small extent to the present impoverishment of the country. In those parts where the permanent settlement is in force the rule of law is, that in case of a default committed by a zemindar in the payment of the jamma, or tax, by the sunset of a day

fixed, his estate is liable to be sold by public auction. The strict enforcement of this peculiarly harsh rule has acquired for it the popular designation of the 'Sunset Law.' Any one who has ever had to deal with its practical working must be aware of the numberless cases of ruin and beggary which have been occasioned thereby, and the infinite amount of trouble it causes to many. . . . A simple direction from the Board of Revenue to the revenue collectors against the strict enforcement of this law, even if it should be considered advisable to retain it on the statute book, may in some degree benefit the people."

A few years ago departmental rules alone might have been sufficient for the purpose of amelioration, but matters have now become distinctly serious. If the realisation of land revenue, irrespective of every consideration of hardship, be not the sole object of revenue administration, if the prosperity of the agricultural and landowning classes be a primary matter for the attention of Government, in that case some further and more effective measure to relax the stringency of the revenue laws seems imperative.

As regards the peasantry of Bengal, the Act of 1885 effected a considerable improvement in their status and condition. But the warning which I gave in 1880, and which I repeated in Council when the measure was under discussion, passed unheeded. "The time," I had said, "seems to have arrived when the Indian Government should make up its mind, in spite of the opposition evinced in certain quarters, to confer transferable rights on the ryots holding occupancy tenancies. Care should, however, be taken to prevent the peasantry from being bought out, or swamped by speculative vakeels or greedy bunniahs." And this is exactly what has happened. In many districts the occupancy holders of 1885 have ceased to exist; their holdings have passed into the hands of money-lenders, or mokhtears, whilst they themselves have become degraded to the condition of "labouring cultivators," which is a euphemism for serfs.

Again, for an alien Government like the British, the existence of a stable, propertied class whose interests are bound up with its durability and permanence is of vital importance. The necessity, therefore, of taking legislative measures for the protection of such a class from the inroads of usurers and money-lenders seems obvious. In Bengal, the zemindars with whom Lord Cornwallis made the Permanent Settlement in 1793 soon disappeared, and their places were taken by their servants or by the ministerial officers of the Revenue Courts. The reason of this debacle is a matter of history. These, again, have made way for modern money-lenders. Under the existing system there is no stability whatsoever. Families rise to affluence in one generation, in the next they are paupers. In one district alone, in the course of forty years, four families have followed each other in rapid succession in the possession of the same estate. And this is not confined to Bengal. The same process of continuous destruction goes on wherever there is no restriction on the alienability of land. No one, I think, would contend that the present condition of things is conducive to the benefit of Government.

The introduction into India of the principle relating to freedom of contracts without any restriction or qualification, and without any consideration of the peculiar conditions of the country, has been of the greatest disservice to the people. In India, neither education nor intelligence is by any means uniform; the ignorant peasant is hardly able to cope on equal terms with the astute bunniah, or the ill-informed zemindar with the clever mahajan. The disastrous consequences of a rule which has not been successful even in England can easily be imagined.

The reasons which led to the enactment of the Punjab Land Alienation Act apply with equal force throughout India; and its policy may be extended, with great advantage to the people as well as to the Government, to other parts of the country. But in case it may not be considered expedient to introduce a measure of that kind in provinces where the condi-

tions are not similar to those in the Punjab, I would strongly urge that the civil courts should be vested with a discretionary jurisdiction to refuse to put up land to sale in execution either of a decree on a mortgage or of a simple money decree. The property might be placed in the hands of a receiver for the realisation of the debt from its rents and issues; but it should not be sold, unless both creditor and debtor are in accord on the matter. The suggestion does not aim at the absolute prohibition of alienability; its only object is to prevent a sale in invitum. As orders of the nature suggested would be subject to revision by the Appellate Court, there need be no apprehension of an arbitrary exercise of the power to the detriment of any interest.

It may be said that such a provision will have the effect of lowering the value of land. The same argument, among others, was advanced against the Punjab Land Alienation Act, but wise statesmanship prevailed against legal quibbles and class interests. If the suggestion is accepted, the owner, of course, would be able to borrow less, and the lender would be willing to advance less. But would either be a loser thereby in the end? The measure would have this beneficial tendency that the land would remain in the same family for generations, and the feeling of security this would engender would give rise to a true spirit of loyalty and a real interest in the development of their property. I remember one instance where the Government of India, by an executive order, set aside a sale, the effect of which would have been to render homeless a large body of proprietors in the Upper Provinces who had held the land for generations. There seems no reason why the principle acted upon in that case should not receive legislative recognition.

At one time the Government made special grants of land to Sepoys of the Indian Army by way of reward for meritorious services. They were meant as permanent provision for the soldiers' families, and under the name of English jageers (in contradistinction to the old

Mogul grants) existed principally in the district of Shahabad, whence the Company's Sepoys were mostly drawn. After the death of the original grantees, there being no restriction on alienability, the lands soon passed into the hands of money-lenders; and this was one of the chief causes of the rising in that district.

I would also suggest that the civil courts should be empowered to go behind contracts, and either to refuse to give them effect, or to vary them if upon inquiry they are found to be unconscionable or harsh. This rule has been lately introduced in England. A similar measure seems to me to be urgently needed in India.

In dealing with the causes which lead to the pauperisation of the affluent classes in India, I had omitted to notice one fact, which did not strike me so forcibly then as it does now after an experience of twenty-five years. It is the harassing litigation in which Indian families become involved at some time or other, and from which they rarely emerge without total or partial ruin. It is an evil that has grown up under British rule, it is fostered by British laws and institutions. An imperative duty, therefore, seems to rest on the British Government to provide some remedy for it.

In most families, the servants, be they agents, stewards, or clerks, find it their interest to foment disputes, and to instigate the members to carry their quarrels into courts of justice. Outside stand lawyers of all grades to conduct their cases, and the mahajan to supply them with funds. Wealth soon changes hands, and the rich man of to-day is the pauper of to-morrow. Can any man with the well-being of the country at heart view with complacency this disastrous state of affairs?

It must not be forgotten that whilst in England, besides law, there are other avenues which lead to wealth and distinction, in India, from the circumstances of the British rule, there is practically only one profession in which the rewards are worth striving for. It is not surprising, therefore, that English education has turned all the national energy and

intelligence into one groove. The profession of law has thus outgrown the requirements of the country. Within the last twenty-five years, as trade and commerce have developed, a new class of cases, which were practically unknown before, has sprung up, especially in the chief centres of population. These cases are certain to increase in number, and will in time draw to themselves the talent and application of the legal classes. Litigation likely to cause the disruption of families will cease to be the sole occupation of those who at present, willingly or unwillingly, devote their time and labour to steer it through many channels, and the Government can safely, without fear of raising an outcry, take steps to minimise the evil. If courts of arbitration, as in olden times, composed of the most respected members of the native communities, were established for the adjudication of family disputes, and the ordinary courts of justice were to discourage such disputes from being dragged before them, an inestimable boon would be conferred on the people.

In the case of large estates a great deal may be done by the head of the district or of the province. In a country like India such action is invariably welcomed by the people, and should be taken without hesitancy, and without the slightest fear of wounding susceptibilities or rousing the hostile criticism of any section or class. In a notable instance the interference of the then Lieutenant-Governor was the means of saving a large estate from destruction, and the family from ruin.

In this connection I should like again to call attention to the tax on justice in the shape of court fees, which enables the rich litigant to harass his less-favoured opponent with comparative impunity, and which in numerous cases prevents the poorer classes from seeking redress in courts of law. The stamp duties levied on civil litigation enable the Government not only to meet the entire cost of judicial administration throughout the country, but also to make an annual profit of 62 lakhs of rupees (over £400,000). If any reason of State not

clear to an outsider stands in the way of abolishing this anomalous tax, I would suggest that some portion of the surplus might be utilised for the purpose of improving the judicial branches of the public service, which certainly need strengthening and improvement in the matter of emolument and prestige. The administration of justice is the strongest feature of British rule, and forms, in many respects, its greatest claim to the loyalty of the general population. No means therefore, I submit, should be neglected to enhance its efficiency. A great step in this direction would be gained if district judgeships, instead of being reserved exclusively for members of the Civil Service, were thrown open to barristers of standing and experience.

The Councils, to use the official phraseology, have been "enlarged," the element of election, although within narrow limits, has been introduced, the right of interpellation has been given to the non-official members, whilst the practice of indicating the general policy of Government, on certain occasions, affords facilities for calling the attention of the authorities to matters of real grievance which otherwise would either escape notice or be left to irresponsible journalists to ventilate.

In 1880 there were only two Indians on the Viceregal Council. Now there are six. Three, if I mistake not, are nominated, whilst the other three are elected by the Provincial Councils. In these also there has been a proportionate increase of Indians, whilst the principle of election has received a larger recognition. A recent critic of Lord Curzon's policy has said that the elected members in the Legislative Councils "sit there merely to play the part of the chorus in a Greek tragedy." This criticism, however trenchant, is hardly just. The part of the elected members, it is true, is small, but it is certainly not unimportant, for their interpellations and speeches serve to indicate the trend of educated public opinion. The Councils contain great possibilities of development, and will probably in time become transformed into fairly representative bodies. But

for that consummation several elements are needed: not merely a larger appreciation on the part of the rulers of the altered conditions of India, but also a generally broader conception of civic duties among the educated classes, and mutual toleration and a spirit of compromise among the different communities.

The question of education has during the period under review occupied a large share of attention. Primary education has received generous help, whilst a new scheme has been formulated for giving the State a certain control over the university system. Although the change recently initiated has been severely criticised in many quarters, it is much too early to predicate with any certainty its probable consequences. To an unbiassed observer some modification was inevitable; public interest had in many instances been so subordinated to extraneous and irrelevant considerations, that an attempt on the part of Government to obtain a more effective control over the higher education of Indian youth had become almost certain. At the same time it is difficult not to have some sympathy with the general opinion that the preponderance of the official element among the governing bodies of the universities is a measure of doubtful expediency.

Personally I think it a mistake to endeavour to educate the youth of the different nationalities of India according to one uniform method. The difference in their ideals, religious standards, and ethical needs makes the task of maintaining the line of advance at an even pace for all the communities well-nigh impossible. For this reason I have consistently advocated denominational universities, and suggested that the Hindoos, Mahomedans and Christians should be educated and trained according to their own ethical standards, the Government if necessary laying down certain rules for "hall-marking" the products of these universities for purposes of State-employment. As each community possesses sufficient nucleus for starting denominational universities, no real

difficulty stands in the way of giving effect to the suggestion, and I believe that before many years are over the idea will force itself on public attention.

The machinery with which the Government of India carries on its legislative work is of great importance to the people, and they naturally take exceptional interest in its constitution. The Legislative Department, as a general rule, is presided over by an English lawyer of eminence, who starts upon his duties with very little knowledge of India, of her people or her institutions. By the time he begins to gain a workable insight into these necessary elements of useful legislation his term of service expires, and he makes room for some one else equally able and eminent, but equally unacquainted with the country and its requirements. No amount of outside "coaching" can, under the circumstances, compensate for the deficiency in that essential requisite. The plain course would be, to have at the head of the department a trained lawyer of wide Indian experience, who would bring to his task the combined knowledge of English law and Indian institutions. But in the multiplicity of interests the plain course is almost always the last course which a Government is disposed to take.

The larger employment of the natives of the country in the higher departments of administration is the subject of perennial discussion and constant heart-burning. In 1880 I had ventured to make in this connection certain suggestions which a few years later assumed a practical shape. Since the recommendations of the Public Service Commission one or two of the higher administrative posts have been opened to Indians. Naturally the educated classes are not satisfied with the advance in this direction. It becomes necessary, therefore, to try to understand from their point of view the real cause at the bottom of this feeling.

I may observe here parenthetically that I am not one of those who think that Home Rule for India is within the range of practical politics—certainly not for many years to come; even if the Indian nationalities had attained a degree of

solidarity sufficient to make self-government possible, the outside conditions are such as to make the idea seem almost insane, for her safety from foreign aggression in the present condition of the world lies in her connection with England. And if England is to guard her against foreign encroachment and outside ambition, and assist her in developing her resources and directing the energies of her peoples in the channel of modern progress and eventual unification, Englishmen, soldier and civilian, who give her their services must receive due remuneration for their labour. Nor can anyone expect that England, to use the famous phrase of the Arab conqueror of Egypt, "should hold the horns of the cow while somebody else milks it."

Having so far indicated the Englishman's point of view, I now proceed to state the case on the other side. However stationary Indian civilisation may be, the civilised nationalities of India are not behind any Western race in adaptability for progress. In the process of adaptation through which they have been passing under British rule there has been much suffering, the history of which remains yet to be told. Families have been swept away, old institutions have disappeared, leaving gaps still to be filled, but they have now reached a stage when it would be idle to hope the country can much longer be governed on the assumption of racial inferiority. Nothing surprises one so much as the light-heartedness with which some Englishmen talk of British rule never becoming popular in India, and the surprise increases when we consider the adulation that is paid to the Colonies. British rule certainly is not popular—that, however, is not the fault of the people; they recognise generally that its permanence is vitally essential to their well-being. But races with a great past behind them can hardly brook to be kept for ever in tutelage, or assent without demur to be stamped permanently with the mark of inferiority. Considering the value of India to England, I think it behooves every Englishman to try to make the rule of England popular, and to evoke that spirit of

'manly comradeship' to which reference was made the other day at Cambridge by a distinguished Anglo-Indian.

As English education advances, as qualified and deserving Indians for the service of the State, according to the present standard, increase in number, and as they understand "those principles of justice and equity which have made the British constitution an example to the world," the claim to a larger share of offices of trust and emolument—certainly to a larger recognition of eligibility—will become more insistent. And wise statesmanship and the interests of good government will compel attention to such claim.

In saying this I must not be supposed to advocate the exclusion of Englishmen from any branch of the public service in favour of Indians, for I consider the-existence of Englishmen in the different grades of the official hierarchy, apart from any question of efficiency, as conducive to the maintenance of a wholesome influence on the general morale of the administration. And it is for this reason that I deprecate the growing depletion of the English element at the Bar in India. But what I do advocate is that Indians of undoubted merit and ability, of integrity and character, should not be debarred from any office under the State; that no place under Government should be regarded as the peculiar monopoly of any race; and that no distinction should be made in the matter of State patronage on racial grounds. The British Government, which stands foremost to-day in the profession of the principles of toleration, equity, and justice, should not in their application be behind the former rulers of India. Under the Mahomedan rule a Hindoo could rise to any position in the State; in the chief Mahomedan principality of modern India a Hindoo holds the office of prime minister. The Hindoo principality of Jeypoor, I understand, employs a Mahomedan in the same capacity. Turkey and Persia send their Christian subjects as envoys to foreign States. There is no reason why the British Government should allow itself to appear as

less liberal or less advanced than any Oriental Government. As regards the unfitness of Indians generally for certain offices, it is one of those convenient theories by which vested interests try to protect themselves from outside invasion. Neither the Indian Government nor the Government at home would be a loser by utilising the services or the counsels of competent Indians.

I have reserved to the last the Mahomedan question, which, to my mind, forms to-day, as it did twenty-five years ago, by far the most pressing problem of Indian administration. The Mahomedans constitute without exception one of the most loyal nationalities of India. They feel that their moral and social regeneration, their educational awakening, their material development depend on the stability of British rule. The very circumstance that the British Government is non-Moslem, and is consequently obliged to maintain, in spite of a somewhat nervous dread of the so-called "orthodox" party, a neutral attitude towards the different sections is regarded as a strong factor in the advancement of the people.

At this moment seventy millions of Mussulmans acknowledge the sway of His Majesty. In another quarter of a century, at the rate at which their faith is spreading, the number will amount to considerably more. This important community—as history goes probably the most important only a short time ago—has suffered the most under British rule. It has steadily declined in wealth, prosperity, influence, and all the elements which conduce to development and progress, and yet there is no indication of a stop in the process of declension.

The causes of this deplorable state of things were traced by me in an article which I contributed to this Review in 1882. On the materials contained in that paper the Central National Mahomedan Association, of which I was secretary at the time, presented in 1883 a memorial to the Indian Government. This memorial was finally dealt with by Lord Dufferin in 1885, and the conclusions arrived at were embodied in a reso-

lution which is regarded by the Mahomedans of India "as their Magna Charta." But class interests in that country are strong; and the Mussulman generally is not an adept in the art of ingratiating himself with the official classes. Nor does he possess the means of making his voice heard in powerful quarters. The very fact that he has so far stood aloof from political agitations has caused him a disservice. As a consequence, preferment and honours rarely come his way. In spite of the progress in English education made within the last quarter of a century, their share of public offices is neither comparable to their numbers nor to their legitimate aspirations. If the Government of India were to insist on a strict compliance on the part of the local authorities with the principles and provisions of Lord Dufferin's resolution, it would contribute to a material improvement in their position.

But the Mahomedan problem cannot be solved by merely giving them a few more posts under Government. Their ruin as a prosperous and progressive community is due to far deeper causes, and needs far more serious remedies. It began with the confiscations of the Inam Commission in the early part of the nineteenth century; it has been completed by the recent pronouncements of British courts of justice upsetting one of their most cherished institutions, which is interwoven with their entire religious and social life, and on which rests the whole fabric of their prosperity as a people.

Under the law of inheritance prevailing among the Mahomedans, the property of a deceased person is liable to be divided among a numerous body of heirs. An unqualified application of this rule would mean the absolute pauperisation, within a short space of time, of Mahomedan families, and prove utterly subversive of national and individual well-being. No permanent benefaction nor the continued existence of family influence or prestige, without which progress is out of question, would be possible.

Accordingly, it was ordained by the Lawgiver of Islam that a Mahomedan may lawfully "tie-up" his property, and

render it inalienable and non-heritable by devoting it to pious purposes, or, to use the language of Mahomedan lawyers, "by dedicating it to the service of God, so that it may be of benefit to mankind." This is the well-known rule of *Wakf*, universally recognised and acted upon throughout the Mahomedan world. The endower is entitled to designate any pious purpose or purposes to which it may be applied; and either to constitute himself the trustee or appoint any other person. Now, the Mussulman law declares in the most emphatic terms that charity to one's kith and kin is the highest act of merit, and a provision for one's family and descendants, to prevent their falling into indigence, the greatest act of charity. Accordingly, family benefactions, or *wakfs*, providing for the maintenance and support of the donor's descendants, either as the sole beneficiaries or in conjunction with other pious objects, have existed for the last thirteen centuries, and all sects and schools are unanimous in upholding their validity.

The institution is traced to the Prophet himself, who created a benefaction for the support of his daughter and her descendants, and is, in fact, placed in the same category as a dedication to a mosque. As perpetuity is essential to a lawful *wakf*, when it is made in favour of descendants it is often expressly provided that on their extinction the benefaction would be for the poor. But even when there is no such provision the law presumes that the poor are the ultimate beneficiaries. When the dedication is initially for the maintenance of descendants, provision is invariably made for other pious purposes, such as the support of religious worship, performance of religious ceremonies, and the upkeep of schools and hospitals. From this it will be seen how utterly uncongenial, if not incomprehensible, the Mussulman law of *wakf* must be to an English lawyer. Perpetuity is the essence of a Mussulman dedication or *wakf*; perpetuities are abhorred by English law, and any settlement which savours of it is bad on that ground. Charity to kith and kin is the pivot round which revolves the

religious and social life of the Mahomedan, and is one of the most pious of purposes to which he may consecrate his worldly goods. To an ordinary English mind, remembering the phrase "charity begins at home," it is a matter of ridicule; and to an English lawyer it has an appearance of fraud.

In India numbers of Mahomedan families owed to the institution of wakf their existence, wealth, and influence, which preserved the properties from disintegration and division, and protected them from the hands of money-lenders. They maintained places of worship, supported schools and dispensaries, and afforded material help to Government in times of stress and difficulty.

The validity of family benefactions was accepted by the British courts of justice until recent times, and eminent judges, like Sir Edward Ryan and others, gave it emphatic recognition. But the knowledge or appreciation of Mahomedan law became rarer and rarer as we approached the eighties, and the fetish of the English rule against perpetuities loomed bigger and bigger in the judicial mind. The money-lender, who sits at the gate of every prosperous family, watched his opportunity; whilst the vakeel saw a rich harvest before him ready for his legal scythe. The younger members of the Mahomedan family pledged their right of maintenance to the mahajan, who, on failure of repayment at the proper time, brought the inevitable action to set aside the dedication, and have the share of the debtor ascertained and sold for his debt.

The High Court considered that, not only was he entitled to his money, but

that the benefaction was liable to be set aside as contravening the English rule against perpetuities! The matter came up on appeal, and the Privy Council, differing from the lawyers of Islam, who have upheld the validity of family benefactions for many centuries, considered the Mussulman Lawgiver could hardly have intended that a valid dedication could be made for the endower's descendants under the name of wakf, when no charity was in reality contemplated. It is clear that the whole difference arises from the use of the word "charity" in the English and not in the Mahomedan sense. The effect of this ruling, which has naturally caused great alarm, not to say resentment, throughout Mahomedan India, has been most disastrous. It has already swept away many Mahomedan families, whilst the few still intact are in a state of jeopardy. But what is most deplorable is that in pronouncing against family endowments the courts of justice have also invalidated the provisions for auxiliary pious purposes.

The only way out of this impasse—the only way in fact by which the further impoverishment and decadence of the Mussulman people can be stopped—is for the Legislature, in their interests as well as in the interest of the State, to validate by special enactment this particular branch of the Islamic law, with any provision it may consider expedient to safeguard against fraud. And the statesman who succeeds in placing such a measure on the statute book will be regarded by a nation as the chief instrument of its salvation.



The Hungarian Crisis.

By FRANCIS KOSSUTH.

(From the National Review.)

IT IS only natural that Englishmen, accustomed as they are to judge political affairs from the standpoint of common sense, should be puzzled by the action of a parliamentary majority who steadily refuse to accept office, and, rather than submit to the royal command to form a cabinet, are even prepared to risk the suspension of the constitution, while they exhaust all available legal resources in preventing the collection of taxes and the recruitment of the army. But while in English eyes our Hungarian proceedings may seem absurd, I make bold to affirm that in our place Englishmen would act as we are acting. The British have successfully fought their battle against royal autocracy, and their happy country, having been the birthplace, has become the home of a real political freedom, and is perfectly secure against any attempt to subject the will of the nation to the *sic volo sic jubeo*.

Such, however, is not the case with us, who have daily experience of the *sic jubeo* of a venerable monarch, who, after forty years of wisdom and moderation, as a patient constitutional sovereign, appears to be yielding in his old age to suggestions which recall painful reminiscences of his famous answer to Archbishop Scitovský, who asked that the constitution of the country should be respected. Francis Joseph grasped his sword, and said, "This is my Constitution."

There is one subject in which no Hapsburg will tolerate any interference, viz.,

the army, and all their constitutional sympathies are subordinated to this dominant sentiment. Their realm is in truth a very Tower of Babel. One of the two states comprising the Dual Monarchy, viz., Hungary, is a solid unit, as so far all the intrigues of the Vienna Camarilla have been unable to establish in Hungarian affairs the fatal principle of *divide et impera*. It is only of late years, under the influence of the restless literary proletariat, composed of Roumanians and Sloveens, which has sprung up at the congested Hungarian universities, that we hear of the "oppression" of these nationalities, though, as a matter of fact, they enjoy precisely the same political and civil rights as the Magyars, while the State endows their several religions and their separate schools. The other member of the Monarchy, however, Austria, is a myth. It is not even a geographical expression, and to describe the Dual Monarchy as the Austrian Empire—as is frequently done abroad—is precisely as though the United Kingdom were grotesquely labelled "the Kingdom of Ireland." Now, the real Austrian Empire, Austria proper, i. e., the country of which Vienna is the capital, can only be kept together by a strong military hand; and our sovereign, living as he does in an Austrian atmosphere, erroneously believes that Hungary is only held to Austria by the military tie. That is why the army has ever been his *noli me tangere*.

The Austrian generals composing the royal entourage shudder at the very no-

tion of the Hungarian language being introduced into the Hungarian army, which, be it remembered, constitutes no less than forty-three per cent. of the military forces of the Dual Monarchy. They fear that in that case their occupation would be gone, as they feel themselves wholly incapable of learning Magyar. This is the argumentum ad hominem which sways them as individuals, though publicly they protest that the unity of the joint army is at stake, as if the unity of any army could depend upon forty-three per cent. of the troops being addressed in a language which they do not understand. Simpler mortals may be disposed to regard a man who insists on speaking to others in unintelligible terms as wanting in ordinary sanity; but, unfortunately, this madness passes for wisdom in the Austrian army.

Now, the fundamental fact governing our problem and the existing crisis is that Hungary and Austria are two separate and independent States, each voting its own recruits and paying in the proportion established by common agreement the costs of the whole army, which is jointly composed of the Hungarian and the Austrian forces. The Emperor is the born head of the Austrian army, and in Hungary the King is by royal right (granted by the nation and voted as a special law) the head of the national army. The practical effect is the same in the two countries, but the legal right varies. The imperial right in Austria is absolute; the regal right in Hungary is constitutional. In Austria the Emperor can exercise his absolute right in an absolute manner, whereas in Hungary the King is only entitled to exercise his regal right in a constitutional manner. There is admittedly no law prescribing that the armies of England, France, or Italy shall be commanded in the English, French or Italian languages respectively, nor is there any similar law in Hungary.

A natural right is rarely enjoined by law. I know of no law giving a man the right to breathe, and I know of no law giving a country the right that its army, kept up with its own purse, its

flesh and its blood, shall be commanded in its own language. The theory put forward against the present Hungarian opposition by Austrian imperialists is that as the law gave the King of Hungary the right to command the Hungarian army, he is free to do so in German if he chooses. But if he can do so in German, why not in Chinese? In fact, it would be less dangerous for us that Chinese should be the official military language, because China is a distant power; whereas the great German Empire, whose military language is thus enforced upon the Hungarian army, is near at hand, and a Germanised army must therefore be regarded as a perpetual peril.

We Hungarians hold that we live under a constitutional monarchy; and as the Kingdom of Hungary has a recognised official language established by law, so the King of Hungary is bound to use this language in all the business of the Hungarian State. This is the legal point in issue. As regards the moral question, I need only say that a nation without national pride is unworthy to be the bulwark or the basis of a royal throne. A country which would tolerate that its native army should be transformed into a foreign army of occupation could not be regarded as a nation in anything but name.

The question was left dormant for thirty-eight years, and it has now been brought to the front through the overweening conceit of the Austrian generals, and a strong Hungarian national sentiment has consequently been aroused, against which no reasoning will prevail. It has practically embraced the entire community, and any politician who attempted to stem the tide would be swept away.

The overwhelming majority of the Hungarian nation is determined that the official language of the State shall be extended to the Hungarian army. This is the most important item in the platform on which the present parliamentary majority was elected. Political morality forbids that a party should accept office with an undertaking to abandon its programme; and so long as the majority of

the House is prevented from giving effect to its own convictions, which are equally the convictions of those who elected them, it must necessarily refuse to accept ministerial responsibility. Any other action would be contrary to the principle of parliamentary government, as no parliamentary ministry can consent to make itself responsible for the autocratic decisions of the Sovereign which they and their political supporters disapprove.

The day the leaders of the coalition decided to accept power on any other platform than their own, they would find themselves outvoted in Parliament, and we should merely have landed the country in another political fiasco. Whether Englishmen approve our opinions or not, there should at any rate be no illusion upon this point, viz., that so long as the present temper lasts, it is impossible for the coalition to obey the royal command to form a government, and it is unreasonable to blame them for their refusal to do so.

A certain group of politicians consented to accept office under Baron Fejervary, an elderly, valiant and respected general, who agreed to play the invidious part of imperial caretaker. Those who embarked with him on this "anti-patriotic" enterprise were, with two exceptions, comparatively humble members of the civil service, who would never under ordinary circumstances have cherished ministerial ambitions. They may have derived some personal gratification in the unwonted heights in which they were momentarily placed by a royal whim, and their one idea was to retain their positions.

The Fejervary cabinet had no following in the Lower House, where it was defeated by a unanimous vote of no confidence, while it was confronted by a great hostile majority in the House of Magnates. It was in the singular position of having no supporters and no programme. It lived from day to day fully conscious of the fact that its retention of office was a living offence to the Hungarian people, and a flagrant violation of one of the fundamental laws of the country (Law III., 1848). In theory our

political system is parliamentary and responsible; but how can a government without parliamentary supporters be regarded as either parliamentary or responsible?

The Fejervary Ministry might conceivably have attempted to gain the support of public opinion, and then to consult the country in the hope of securing a ministerial majority, but it made no such effort. Its only policy, prior to its inevitable demise, was an impudent attempt to make an unholy alliance with the Socialists on the basis of universal suffrage—a proposal against which several members of this unconstitutional cabinet had constantly spoken and acted in the past, but to which (for the purposes, it must be supposed, of "saving their bacon") they had suddenly become converted. The object of this discreditable manoeuvre was to involve the party of independence—which numbers no less than 181 members of the Lower House, and is the predominant section of the opposition—in difficulties with other sections of the coalition, because the party of independence is in favor of universal suffrage with proper educational restrictions, while the other sections are opposed to it. Mr. Kristoffy, the Minister of the Interior in the Fejervary combination, was the appointed go-between with the socialists—a somewhat dangerous role for a minister of the crown, as the socialists are not only anti-dynastic and republican, but are uncompromisingly hostile to everything which savours of "militarism," and, therefore, can hardly be enlisted as reliable supporters of the existing regime.

But, as the French say, "les extremes se touchent," and we have seen our two political extremes meeting on a popular platform. The government of the King sought to overcome a perfectly loyal majority, whose fidelity to the sovereign and the royal family cannot be impugned, with the assistance of elements which have no sense of loyalty to the crown, which they would undoubtedly abolish should they ever obtain the upper hand. This is not only an exceedingly unscrupulous, but also a very perilous, artifice

on the part of our "extra-parliamentary" ministry, and shows the length they are prepared to go in order to preserve their places. However, it is by no means sure that this "dirty trick"—to use a classic English parliamentarism—will achieve its object, as it is not improbable that the socialists may perceive that rights secured under an unconstitutional regime are precarious and devoid of moral basis, as they would be lacking the sanction of public opinion.

The incident should, however, serve to bring home to English onlookers the fact that we are living under altogether extraordinary conditions in Hungary, to which the recognised English formulae are scarcely applicable. Where one might expect to find prudence, respect for law and observance of the constitution, we find an extravagant desire to get the better of the parliamentary majority at any cost, even at the cost of disturbing the political foundations of the country.

The responsibility of a government holding power in defiance of law and constitution is greater in Hungary than it would be in England, because with you parliamentarism is a permanent feature of the national life. It is so strong and so stable that no one would dare challenge it, and should a British government attempt to govern against the will of Parliament, it would necessarily violate the common law, and thus every citizen would acquire the right of disregarding it. With us parliamentarism is founded upon written law, and it is because this written law has been violated by the Fejervary government that its opponents have endeavored to impeach it.

English observers may have noticed that the counties (which in Hungary enjoy considerable autonomy, and are in many branches of the public service the executors of the orders of the central government) have refused to obey the Fejervary government both as regards the collection of taxes and the supply of recruits. Indeed, as many as two-thirds of the counties have acted in this spirit.

Almost from time immemorial the Hungarian counties have been the bulwark of

public right and personal freedom, and they proved to be among the strongest safeguards of the law during three and a half centuries which elapsed since the Hapsburgs were freely elected Kings of Hungary, and 1867 when Francis Joseph agreed with the Hungarian nation to the existing constitutional settlement. Throughout the former period the Hungarian executive was nominated by the King, and was not responsible to the Diet. The latter body was oligarchical, and the Palatine of Hungary acted as intermediary between the King and the kingdom. Parliamentary government superseded this old-world system in 1848, when equality before the law was established, serfdom was abolished, and various public rights secured.

After this introduction of parliamentary government (which was confirmed in 1867) it was desired to harmonise the autonomy of the counties with the principles of ministerial responsibility. With this object the so-called liberal party, which was uninterruptedly in office for some thirty years after 1848, constantly sought to curtail the privileges of the counties. The party of independence, on the other hand, strove to maintain this national system of local self-government, history having demonstrated that the country was indebted to it for its continuous resistance to the attempts of German (afterwards Austrian) imperialism to absorb Hungary as a State, and the Magyars as a nation. As a result the counties retained sufficient power to enable them to some extent to discharge their duty in resisting the illegal action of the executive.

In England the individual citizen would certainly resist any unlawful act of an anti-parliamentary government, and those who obeyed it would be liable to find themselves before a jury. Every public functionary who attempted to enforce any illegal demand would be brought to book by some sturdy Englishman, who would thus vindicate his own rights, constitutional government being sustained in England by the force of common law and by the English spirit of the Englishman. But our constitutional de-

velopment has taken another course. The illegal acts of the executive used to be very frequent, the autocratic violator of the law having a formidable foreign power at his back, and, although the Hungarian is naturally staunch and firm and brave like the Englishman, an individual citizen could hardly be expected to stand up single-handed against the posse comitatus of the Holy Roman Empire.

It was, therefore, necessary to meet this formidable menace to our laws and liberties by something stronger than individual will. Such a power was found in the counties, where collective resistance could be organised and maintained in such fashion as to compel an encroaching executive to divide and dissipate its forces in a hundred places, its efforts being frequently worn out by the passive resistance of the local authorities. Thanks to the counties, the Emperor Joseph II. was compelled before he died to cancel all his illegal ordinances, having been thoroughly worn out and beaten down by the persistent opposition of these, the self-constituted champions of public right and constitutional freedom.

When the Constitution of 1848 was established, and responsible parliamentary national government was introduced with the royal sanction, it was imagined that the noble role of the counties had become a thing of the past; nevertheless, Louis Kossuth, the leader of the Hungarian nation, sought to save as much as he could of this indigenous institution. His efforts were successful, and were not without effect even upon the final restrictions on the autonomy of the Hungarian counties effected in 1886. This measure left to the local bodies the right to resist the collection of taxes and the recruiting of soldiers in case the taxes and recruits had not been voted by parliament. The counties are consequently exercising a legal right and discharging a constitutional duty at the present time in refusing to give taxes and recruits which have not been duly authorized by parliament.

Englishmen will have gathered from the preceding pages that the parliament-

ary majority representing the public opinion of the Hungarian nation is the champion of written law, equity, and common sense in the present contest. While precluded by the conditions imposed by the sovereign from accepting office we have strictly avoided any illegal action. The executive, on the other hand, has acted illegally, and it must be said that the King has been ill-advised in allowing unlawful acts to be perpetrated in his name.

Great Britain is not unnaturally animated by a desire for the maintenance of a strong state in central Europe, so as to preserve the balance of power, and it would seem to be almost an axiom abroad that Austria fulfils this function, and accordingly everything that weakens Austria is regarded as contrary to the interests of European peace and to the wishes of pacific England.

Once upon a time an English sovereign assembled his men of science, and propounded this conundrum: Why does a dead fish float? The bewildered scientists discussed the question at much length, and the bolder ones explained the phenomenon in various ways. Others, however, demonstrated that these reasons were unscientific. At the end of a tedious discussion one of the experts, who had hitherto remained silent, timidly observed to the King: "May it please your Majesty, I doubt the fact." "So do I, my friend," replied the King, who was much amused by the credulity which had taken the royal hypothesis for granted. May it please public opinion in England, I doubt the fact that Austria is strong, and I doubt whether she is an element of peace. Austria is not a nation, but a conglomeration of nations and nationalities, which dislike, and in some cases even detest, each other.

The House of Hapsburg-Lorraine presides over this Tower of Babel in the person of a venerable monarch rendered wise by experience and benevolent by misfortune. The structure is composed of heterogeneous and ill-compacted elements. A German storm shakes some blocks; a Slav storm shakes others; a Hungarian storm rocks the whole edifice.

The "Empire" does all it possibly can to preserve its own existence, and every development of national strength in one or other of the conflicting communities is repressed in the interests of the whole. It is a law of nature that big masses attract small masses, and this law holds good as regards nations.

In our time we have seen Italy and Germany created by national molecular attraction. The Austrian Germans are attracted by the huge and powerful German Vaterland, while the Austrian Slavs are drawn towards the ponderous empire recently defeated in the Far East, and which, thanks to the blows dealt by the Japanese, would appear to have some prospect of starting on a new lease of national life and liberty, which will increase its attractions to its neighbours. Austria is indeed a very delectable morsel, a standing temptation to Germany and Russia, who respectively covet their kindred temporarily gathered under the Austrian flag. How can such a country be regarded as a pillar of peace?

As a matter of fact the two great wars of central Europe were provoked by Austrian weakness, which tempted both Italy and Prussia to settle accounts with

her, while a third war, viz., that between Germany and France, would never have taken place had Austria been sufficiently strong to venture on interference. There is only one state in central Europe capable of playing the role which Englishmen have hitherto elected to allot to Austria. That state is Hungary, which played the great part of peace-keeper in the past, and was only ultimately overpowered by the combined weight of the Osmanli invasion on the one side (which for a century and a half the Hungarians had kept at bay in the interests of Europe), and of the Holy Roman Empire on the other side. Thus was the European equilibrium destroyed for a couple of centuries. Hungary has once again become a powerful nation, and with its twenty millions of people is in every respect fit to play the part in reality which is played in fiction by the Austrian Empire. Foreigners who favour the maintenance of a strong state in Central Europe for the preservation of the balance of power, should welcome every increase in the strength of Hungary, which as a constitutional country and a land of liberty is nearer to England than any other nation on the continent.



Reminiscences of a Diplomatist.

1. St. Petersburg Before the Crimean War.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

BEFORE dark, the steamer Emperor, which had left Hull in the morning for the Baltic, was tossing heavily on the Dogger Bank. The sky was inky black, the wind howled with fury, and we seemed to be making no way through the waves, which from time to time swept the quarterdeck. For thirty-six hours the tempest raged; the thoroughbreds for the Tsar's stable, shipped before we left the port, kept stamping and neighing: one by one the passengers abandoned the saloon, and the captain and myself sat down alone to dinner. The bows were knocked to pieces, cargo was thrown overboard, some of the cabins were flooded, the crew were exhausted, and the eight men at the wheel, with two helpers before the funnel, could not make the vessel answer to the helm. At length the wind shifted, the hurricane had spent its fury, and the engines, recovering their normal power, began to drive the Emperor along the homeward track.

Sea-sickness was an evil to which my nature never seemed to be heir, so that the sublime incidents of the storm pleased me more than the growing calm, during which I paced the deck in the company of an Englishman, my senior in years, who, I gathered, belonged to our business colony at the Russian capital. His polite approach to the question of my personality made me explain that some months before, when a student at Trinity, Cambridge, I had been appointed "unpaid" Attaché at St. Petersburg, and after taking my B. A., and undergoing

the usual preparatory curriculum at the Foreign Office, was now proceeding to my post. Thereupon my friend said that his own work was scientific engineering: that he was married to a daughter of our chaplain, who was with him, that our Consul's wife and daughter and another leading lady were also on board, and that he was sure they would gladly make my acquaintance. In the result, on our arrival at Hull, we all proceeded to Dotesio's luxurious hotel on the quay, where, in a republic administered by the engineer, we passed three agreeable days while the steamer was berthed for repairs.

Our first Dogger Bank incidents made me hum the grandiose "Ocean, thou mighty monster" motif of the overture to Weber's "Oberon": appropriate enough to our second passage over the fated shoals which, more than half a century later, cost Russia £65,000, were thoughts of Mendelssohn's "Calm sea and prosperous voyage." Coasting the peninsula aptly called Jutland, we turned into the Kattegat, and descending the Sound in sight of the Swedish shore, and of the Castle of Elsinore with its memories of "the Lord Hamlet," anchored at Copenhagen in front of the Trekroner fort.

Twenty years afterwards, when studying the current versions of the "Battle of the Baltic" (as Campbell entitled his stirring ode on Nelson's victory of 1801), in view of such corrections as Danish books might furnish—but no! To the fascinating capital in which you might stroll with Hans Christian Andersen, or hear Mad

rig's latest conclusions regarding Cicero, I may hereafter give a separate chapter. Our coaling concluded, we had four days' steaming before us. Repeated talks with my companions brought me a fund of preliminary knowledge regarding many aspects of my prospective milieu, and our practical exercises in Russian improved the conversational knowledge of that language which I had picked up from the lessons given me in London by the "pope" of the Tsar's Legation. The ladies said that my *ya ne snaiou* (don't know), and *poschol* (go on), would do, but that my pronunciation of *ya vas loubliou* (I love you) would send my Slav flames into fits of laughter.

At length the extremity of the Gulf of Finland was reached. Before the steamer's bows lay the fortified apex of a flat triangular island with a forest of masts at its distant end and a "road" of approach, gated by casemated towers of huge proportions and batteries a *fleut d'eau* rising out of the sea, and flanked by an armed mole and the other land defences of Cronstadt. To crown all, the water-way was commanded from end to end by a vast four-staged citadel from which fifty guns of heavy calibre could rake an advancing vessel. There the long lane of destruction ceased.

Bending round the lofty Fort Menshikoff (ominous name a few months later!) we found ourselves in the narrowing neck of the gulf, whereupon we transhipped into the little packet which was to carry us up through the estuary of the Neva to the capital. After two hours' steaming the darkening of a part of the horizon indicated the neighborhood of a great city. Presently vibrations of sunlight revealed the forms of spires, turrets, and cupolas, and we entered the embouchure of a broad river flowing rapidly into the Gulf between islands dotted with gardens, country houses, and various signs of suburban civilisation.

There was no time for pondering on the force of happy inspiration which made Peter the Great fix on a delta, in his day a wilderness of sand and swamps, for the site of the capital of the new Russia of his creation. The steam-

er was now running alongside of an embankment, with a granite parapet, of which the Seine or the Thames might have been proud, called, strange to say, the "English Quay." As we stopped at a cross-striped post, the engineer, pointing out a Custom-house officer who appeared to be waiting for us, said that the mention of my dignity would free me from the usual inquisition, and he added that the hotel which he had already advised me to make my provisional habitat was just round the corner; the Legation was at the upper end of the quay. "Angli-ky savetnik," said my friend when we were boarded by the official, who thereupon, making me a low bow, signified that I could leave the boat at once, that the heavy goods of the "English councillor" should be stored apart, and, on the demand of the Legation, would be handed over without examination. Upon this, jumping on to the quay, I soon found myself in the comfortable little lodgment recommended to me. As I had made a trip to Germany in my Cambridge days, the northern porcelain stove reaching from the highly polished inlaid floor to the ceiling did not puzzle me.

Exchanging my Dogger Bank costume for visiting attire, I walked back to the Neva, and proceeded up the quay to the Legation, which stood near the eastern end of a chain of fine mansions that faced the river's side. Within the doorway of the house was a liveried porter who, on hearing my name, at once ushered me into what he called the *Kanzlei*, saying that the Secretary, Milord Napier, had just gone in. My senior, whom I had met in London, after inquiring into the particulars of my voyage, led me up to the *bel etage*, where we found the Queen's representative and his wife arranging their furniture. In the spacious salon stood the Minister calling out "higher," "lower," to Lady Seymour, who was on a chair holding a picture against the red wall. Guessing at once who the intruder was, Sir Hamilton Seymour greeted me with my name, hearing which My lady got down from her chair, saying, "Ah! how d'you do?" The typical grand seigneur of my imagination was

tall and pale. Physical advantages of this kind the chief did not possess; but my answers to his questions on my recent experiences at sea drew from him a string of picturesque and thoughtful remarks which showed that his perceptions were as acute as his manner and voice were sympathetic. The much younger, tall, handsome lady, seemed to be of a less seductive, more dictatorial nature.

Next morning, while spelling out some of the simpler paragraphs of the muzzled "St. Petersburg Gazette" to the accompaniment of the contents of a pot made from the incomparable "caravan" tea of Western China, a servant brought me a message to the effect that I was expected to the family Legation dinner at 6 p. m. Sauntering up the river-side I entered the Chancery, where I found the senior Attache, John Lumley (afterwards, as Lord Savile, Ambassador at Rome), a handsome, smart person of solid build, in the blooming years of life. My recent biography told, he gave me a lucid lecture on certain arcana of red-tape procedure into which, he said, my Foreign Office preceptors had, of course, forgotten to initiate me—"the usual old story." To these explanations he tacked the warning, that if ever I forgot, on leaving "the shop" when alone, to bar and padlock (here he handed me a Chubb's key) the sacrosanct archives, the consequences to all of us, perhaps to mankind, would be awful. As our colleague Dick Ker, he added, liked copying in dingy light, my place would be at the unoccupied desk in the second window, which, as I gladly saw, commanded a view of the silvery Neva and the majestic citadel of the opposite island—an outlook not to be surpassed by any European city prospect.

The intimate Legation dinner was a model of simple excellence, which confirmed my belief, gathered from early French and Italian experiences, that although our own culinary artists might be able to roast and boil, they could not cook. The food was not less tasteful for being eaten off gilt plates with knives and forks of similar make—a Sybaritical arrangement for which our Treasury was responsible. Sir Hamilton's talk

was a fluent mixture of the serious and the jocose: his Latin had not deserted him, for when over the coffee the question of the retention of my heavy luggage at the Custom-house came on, and I explained that the contents were clothes—(here My lady looked suspiciously at my coat, which was not of Stultz make)—and various household adjuncts, the Chief said, "I see—supellex." As my audience had evidently not looked up my family name in "Burke," I thought it well to hint, when there was a talk of escutcheons, that for antiquity we could challenge comparison with any county rivals. On my mother's side, again, there was the testimony of the well-known Bruce and Red Comyn incident kept alive by Walter Scott's "Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk, making sure of murder's work."

Many of the prescriptions of the Continental social decalogue differ toto caelo from our insular ways, and their neglect by a stranger will make his roads in foreign society uphill work. Lumley told me the surprising fact that I must undergo vicarious presentation to the entire local Diplomatic Corps, old and young, as well as to a number of Russian Palatial and Ministerial officials. A rain of my visiting cards must be dropped at the proper houses with cards of Sir Hamilton marked P. P., and, if my supply was large enough, the distribution would be made at once. The delivery effected, return cardboard visits were paid me by the historic Count Nesselrode, Chancellor de l'Empire, &c., &c., &c., the Envoye Extraordinaire of the French Republic, the Marquis de Castelbajac, the Minister of the Shah of Persia, and a tribe of *dii minores*. In after years, when Attache at a Court nearer home, I came in contact with a leading English statesman on a holiday trip, who, as we drove back from a visit paid by him at my suggestion in royal quarters, told me that he had never even heard of the foreign card system; London practice in all such matters was very lax, and he was afraid that he hardly ever returned paper calls. On my next visit to England I visited his mansion, and was much amused to find

that the great man had turned over a new leaf—my card was returned on the following day!

The Russian Consul-General in London had entrusted me, on my departure, with some drawing materials addressed to a maid of honour of the Empress, who was the eldest daughter of General Strandtmann, the Commander of the Guard Cavalry. Lumley told me that I ought to deliver the packets myself: the young lady and her relatives were delightful people, and I should be lucky if I got into their good books. The General was lodged in the Taurida palace, a building in a fine garden given by the Empress Catharine to her "favourite" Potemkin, after his bloody conquest of the Tauric Chersonese, alias the Crimea. The inhabitants of the house were more pleasant than its associations. The middle-aged General, with his firmly set figure, was a typical beau sabreur, who recalled soldiers like Murat, or the Hetman Platoff of the Napoleonic wars. Madame, his younger in years, was a handsome brunette, full of talk and fascination: the eldest daughter, Miss Lucie, the artist, was tall, dark, lively, and looked in all ways a model dame d'honneur, Miss Helen, maid of honour to the Grande Duchesse Helene, being also very handsome and equally vivacious in manner and conversation. The elder brother, Constantine, a Lieutenant in the Chevaliers Gardes, with a young Hussar officer, completed a family circle to which good looks, personal ease and distinction, and facility in conversation had been granted in an unusual degree. On my leaving this agreeable, kindly group, Miss Lucie warmly thanked me for my small services, and Lieutenant Constantine begged me not to forget that he would always be at my disposal for social purposes.

The Consul-General had also given me a parcel for his brother, Count de Berg, the Chief of the Staff of the Army. Sir Hamilton Seymour, learning this, said I must execute the commission personally; I should thus make acquaintance, and not on a mere society footing, with the man about the best worth knowing in St. Petersburg. The General was exceeding-

ly clever all round, and the most plain-spoken person of the Tsar's entourage; he knew a lot about Central Asia, and I should probably pick up valuable information from his talk. My call at the palatial military building where the General was domiciled brought me a very pleasant reception. Strong-bodied, not handsome, and less oleaginous in manner than the average Russian officer of high rank, his look and tone seemed to betray his possession of a vein of hardness and severity, qualities which, in fact, came to the surface with emphasis during his Viceroyship in Poland during the insurrection of 1863-4. The mention of my family connection with India from Lord Clive's days downwards interested him, but on this introductory occasion we did not discuss the banks of the fabulosus Hydaspes. My visit, he said, when I left him, must be the first of a series.

A temporary occupation of a lodging in the top flat of an imposing mansion near the Piccadilly of the capital, the Nevsky Prospekt, gave me a glimpse of a special phase of patrician Russian life. Soon after my entrance, the owner of the house, who was not concerned in the upper floors, came to my rooms, explaining that he and his family lived on the bel etage, said that their dinner hour was six o'clock, and that a seat at the table would always be at my disposal. Availing myself one day of my polished host's invitation, I was ushered into a spacious dining-room where, in company with other impromptu guests, I enjoyed a meal which would have satisfied the critical palate of Brillat-Savarin. Difficulties arising from the occupancy of a salon next my bedroom by a lady who strummed Czerny's exercises on her piano from seven to eight a. m., and then hammered out with "damnable iteration" the last movement of Weber's "Concertstuck," I adjourned to a pension on the English Quay kept by two Misses Benson. My elderly countrywomen were model hostesses, my rooms commanded a view of the Neva and the Citadel, the prices asked were moderate, and the unimpeachable table d'hôte was the rendezvous of the bachelor members of the up-

per stratum of the business English colony, whose conversation abounded in useful lights on Russian affairs.

When a juvenile English diplomat is pitchforked for the first time into foreign society, his manners will seldom be in tune with those of his milieu. But unless he is as obtuse to hints as the awkward recipient of Lord Chesterfield's letters, he soon acquires a modicum of Continental social veneer. The good-nature of my colleagues of all ranks helped me to pull through various mistakes of ignorance and shyness, they patted me on the back as a linguist above the youthful English average, and I soon learned to season my talk with locutions like "sapristi," "nom. d'un chien," and other ornaments of the Parisian vernacular. There was the burly Marquis de Castelbajac, whom no one would have picked out as the representative of the Tuileries: the slender Count Mensdorff, so typical of sixteen-quartered Vienna, afterwards (in 1866) as chief adviser of the Kaiser Franz Josef, the victim of Bismarckian statecraft and Moltke's strategy: the Envoy from Berlin, Graf Rochow, whose subserviency to local promptings made our Chief speak in a despatch of "my Prussian colleague whom I am in the habit of considering as a Russian Cabinet Minister," a measurement almost equally applicable to General Castelbajac. The Legation of the Shahinshah by no means made me quote the Horatian "*Persicos odi apparatus.*" Of my diplomatic associates, none was livelier than the Persian secretary, who would come to my rooms, on free evenings, to play chess. If his seeming ignorance of Hafiz and Firdousi disappointed me, he was always ready to spin Anacreontic stories of his successes when teaching Russian ladies of distinction the moves of a certain recon-dite form of "fool's mate."

About fifty years before the date of my Russian residence, one of my Indian relatives accompanied a mission to the Shah Fath Ali, who, like his courtiers, expressed great admiration of the young man's looks and general appearance. Furthermore, the visitor's portrait was

painted, and hung up in the palace, while the successor of Cambyses and Xerxes wrote a couplet, stating that "when Istargi came we ceased to look at the Sun." The lines of the royal rival of Hafiz travelled to Afghanistan. Forty years later, one of my brothers, when crossing the North-West Provinces of India, met the Amir Dost Muhammad, who was travelling as prisoner to Calcutta after his seizure by the ill-fated Sir William Macnaghten. Having duly made his obeisance to the captive, my brother was presented to him as "Istargi," upon which the Dost smiled, and recited the couplet in question. The memory of the representative of Nasr-ed-din at the Russian Court was less complete, for he said that, though he knew the picture, he could not quote the verses. I am told that though Fath Ali's rhyme is now more or less forgotten in Teheran, everyone knows the portrait of the handsome Englishman in knee-breeches and coloured coat and waistcoat, which hangs in an upper room of the Kasr-Kajar palace, near the capital.

My cards had not been sown on stones. Their delivery brought me a speedy invitation to dine with the Russian Rothschild, Baron Stieglitz, who lived in a fine house near the pension. Flattering myself that I had for once conquered the London vice of unpunctuality, I reached the great financier's salon about the hour specified on the card. After a pleasant greeting from my Amphitryon, I was accosted by King Bomba's Minister, the Duca di Regina, who with his inseparable secretary, the Marchese Cito, at his heels, accosted me, in the tingling accent of "bella Napoli," with the remark, "Ah! mon cher, on venait de dire que vous arrivez toujours le lendemain!" This useful reminder was followed by my first nibble at a delicacy which in Russia, and occasionally elsewhere, serves as grace before meat. The caviar here laid on small dishes of Sevres bleu du Roi was, of course, the veritable roe of the Volga sturgeon and sterlet—a very different article from the Baltic and Elbe fishes' eggs, or the roe of the Marseilles mullet, palmed off in other coun-

tries as the real thing. A millionaire was naturally bound to give his guests soup (oukha) made from Astrakhan sterlets, a help of which decoction might be worth about 11. 10s. If the accompanying talk struck me as being of a rather trumpery species, the table itself was a poem of carnations and white lilacs rivaling in colour the bowls of Marcolini Dresden in which they were arranged, and glistening in the vibrating light of a forest of candles.

The leading members of our colony on the Neva were profitably engaged in finance, commerce, factory work, engineering, and other branches of business. The men did honour to English intelligence and enterprise; of their women-folk, some, as my steamer experiences had already shown me, were very attractive. As Russia had not yet evolved a dress-clothes' middle class, and the aristocracy were not within their reach, our people had to content themselves with such social amusement as they could extract from their own little entertainments. But their energies did not stop at caviar and waltzes; there was, for instance, an English book-club and a debating society. The representatives of the houses of Baird, Cazalet, Bell, Anderson, may not have raised our little senate to the dignity of the Cambridge "Union" (of which body, let me add, I was Secretary when Sir William Harcourt and Sir James Stephen were the leaders of debate), but they attained a very creditable parliamentary level. Our Consul, to believe a current story which I never verified, had previously owned and edited the "Morning Post." Lord Palmerston, said the wags, requiring at a particular juncture an organ of his own, bought our friend out, and procured for him the consulate at St. Petersburg by way of bonus. His name, they pretended, was "T. Mitchell," and this, by a series of changes and elongations, was finally transmuted into the aristocratic "C. Eastland de Michele" of his signatures and his cards. In any case, our friend did credit to the Consular Service: a certain pomp of manner did not lessen

the esteem inspired by his intelligence, industry, and goodness of heart.

Having an interest in Cronstadt, I was glad when, after the gulf was frozen, Mr. Michele proposed to drive me there in his sledge that we might attend a ball given by our Vice-Consul at the port. Not having the permit required from sledges descending from the city down to the ice road, we were stopped at starting, but afterwards, giving the authorities at the barrier the slip, arrived at our destination. The lively little ball gave me an opportunity of airing my incipient conversational Russian, and my next day's stroll in sight of the forts and batteries of the harbour filled me with schemes of attack of which no doubt, Vegetius and Vauban would have been proud. After our return to St. Petersburg, Mr. Michele read me a strongly worded remonstrance to the Russian Foreign Office, in which repeated use was made of my name. Thinking that the proper protector of an Attache, if officially aggrieved, was the Minister, not the Consul, I objected to these references to myself, whereupon Mr. Michele removed them by scratches, which, with the necessary interpolations, gave the document a very untidy appearance. On my relating these details to Sir Hamilton, he entirely approved my conduct, and a few days later showed me a private letter just received from Count Nesselrode, who stated that unless the Consul withdrew his objectionable Note the Imperial Representative in London would be instructed to apply for his removal from his post. Hearing through me of this threat, and also that my Chief could hardly interpose on his behalf, Mr. Michele sensibly gave way, so that no harm was done.

Shortly before Christmas came the notice that the Emperor would receive Lord Napier and myself at the Winter Palace. Our presentation would, we understood, be effected in the circle manner, in which, just before a Court ball or other Royal entertainment, or, as in our case, on a separate occasion, the persons to whom such honour is accorded are grouped apart, and addressed

in turn by the Sovereign. When I stepped into my sledge, wrapped in my bear-skin schuba, the air was still, the mercury stood at ten degrees below the freezing-point of Reaumur, while the broad Neva, no longer racing through the bridges and curling up beneath the opposite shore, lay a motionless, frozen serpent of ice, glittering like crystal in the December sun, whose beams were flashing at intervals from the spires of the opposite citadel. Jerking the horses' reins, my kucher started at a canter up the snow-bound quay past the familiar houses of Baron Stieglitz and the Legation. Then, leaving the river to the left, we glided into the vast space encircled by the cordon of huge erections built by Peter the Great and his successors for the purpose of the Imperial administration. Designed by Italians of the decadent period, the Admiralty, the Winter Palace (an edifice larger than the Louvre) with its annex, the Hermitage and the modern Office of the General Staff with its lofty and endless facade, and its enormous archway leading into the Nevsky Prospekt, could not equal in purity of style the masterpieces of the cinque cento. But while the Piazzetta of St. Mark and the Louvre might give you a sense of magical beauty and dignified elegance, the Russian combination of great structures and outstretched area inspired the feeling of the architectural sublime. And the scene had its moral—fronting the vast habitation of the Tsars, stood, within a stone's-throw, the central governing apparatus of their colossal Empire.

The approach to the Winter Palace, followed by the scene presented by the vestibule and the marble staircase, and, finally, by the columnar chamber of reception called St. George's Hall, filled me with new sensations. Our presentation group of six persons was received and placed by a chamberlain with an ivory stick, who was supported by two dark Asiatics in flowing red and white Oriental robes. Suddenly the folding doors opposite us were thrown back, and there appeared a domestic, behind whom, moving with stately step, towering in

height, and wearing a plain green uniform, walked the majestic Nicholas. Crossing the hall to our circle, the Ruler of All the Russias stopped before Lord Napier, who was thereupon introduced by the Ivory Stick. Here then was the mighty Autocrat of whom the friend of my youth, Carlyle, comparing him in "Hero-Worship" with our governors of India, wrote that he "did a great deal in keeping such a tract of earth politically together." His noble stature and finely chiselled features, with his half-sympathetic, half-melancholy, somewhat obstinate look, his blonde complexion and light hair and curled mustachios, did not tell the story of the wear and tear of his fifty-six years of life, nearly half of which had passed in the exercise of grinding despotic force at home, and the unflinching pursuit of Russian objects abroad. At this juncture thoughts of slaughtered Decabrists and Poles did not trouble me: my aesthetic sensibility was uppermost when I, in my turn, was face to face with this matchless type of Slav dignity and elegance, and heard the accents of his musical, seductive voice.

The conversation of a crowned head with a young diplomat seldom goes beyond the usual "Y a-t-il longtemps que vous etes ici?" and a highly abbreviated response. When I prolonged my answer by an allusion to the splendid horses with whom I had shared the perils of the Dogger Bank, the Emperor made some additions to the above formula, and finally left me with a smile. My next neighbour in the circle belonged to the personnel of the Legation of one of Russia's most submissive allies. But, far from showing sympathy in that quarter, the Autocrat looked grimly at his victim, and walked away in silence, well illustrating the inspired lines in which Dryden's Alexander "assumes the god, affects the nod."

The early experiences of the son of the murdered Paul were not calculated to give him artistic tastes. The picture gallery of the Hermitage was accessible from his apartments in the Winter Palace by a corridor a few steps long; but he did not care for his forty Rembrandts,

or for Paul Veronese's marvellous portrait of Pope Paul III. His musical ideal was said to be the tattoo, at which rhythmical concord of military sounds no one will, however, laugh who has heard a *Zapfenstreich* as executed by the united drums of a German Army Corps. Thanks to his munificence, the great Italians of the day could be heard at the Imperial Opera in "*Don Giovanni*," "*Il Barbiere*," "*Ernani*," "*Le Prophete*" (its title bowdlerised on theological grounds into "*Il Trionfo della Fe'*"). In 1852 the stars present were Viardot-Garcia, Bosio, Lablache, Ronconi, and Mario.

Concerts were plentiful, and the performances of the choirs of the Orthodox Church showed that the Slav larynx could produce tones of an indescribable velvety blackness of timbre which seemed to surge up from cavernous depths far below the reach of the Italian basso profondo voice. By the famous author of the "*Postillon de Longjumeau*," the fortissimos of the members of the Imperial Chapel, who were chiefly peasants of the Ukraine, and sang without accompaniments or conductor, were compared to discharges of artillery. Berlioz, in his "*Voyage Musical*," noticing the amazing vocal compass of these artists, expressed his astonishment at the precision with which their choral thunders were dissolved into gentle zephyrs of sound, evaporating, as he said, into the empyrean.

From my early childhood upwards I had always been under the suzerainty of "*Frau Musika*." Whether encoring my nurse when she sang "*Pussycat Mew jumped over a coal*," or begging her, when we were passing through London on one of my holiday journeys from school, to get a cab that we might hear Mendelssohn conduct his "*St. Paul*," my feelings were always those of a melomane. Great was my delight when my protectress of the Taurida Palace, who had discovered my weakness in that direction, took me to an aristocratic house one evening where Rubinstein was to play.

If the young Russian's European reputation was already made, his powers were not yet in their zenith. But his

readings, his alternations of softness and hammer-strokes, and the crashing orchestral volume of his tone, were revelations to one to whom, as in my own case, the somewhat chilly performances of Mme. Pleyel and the young Arabella Goddard were the summits of pianoforte perfection. The mechanical developments of that instrument, and the hopeless acoustic conditions of the vast modern music-hall, have driven pianists to various departures from the old technique, so that the standardisation of artists like Thalberg, Rubinstein, Tausig, and my later acquaintances Liszt and Bulow, and the moderns is a hopeless task. For the present I may remark that with the evening in question commenced a friendship which lasted till the end of the great artist's life. In my Russian days it was my habit to follow performances of chamber music with the scores of the well-known miniature Leipsic editions in my hand, a trick of questionable utility for which Rubinstein used to chaff me. One night at the old Philharmonic in the Hanover Square Rooms, after the Crimean war, where he was playing Beethoven's "*Emperor*" Concerto, I joined him between the parts, putting the question "*Do you know me again?*" On this, thrusting his huge fingers into his black leonine locks, Rubinstein burst out laughing and replied, "*What? Do you suppose I don't remember the little books?*"

The dinners at the Legation had no end, and one day at dessert the Chief, who had his Opera box, though he did not, like some of us moderns, call music "*a branch of knowledge*," made an interesting communication. The composer of "*The Bohemian Girl*," "*The Enchantress*," "*The Maid of Artois*," and other popular operas, had arrived for the winter with his wife and daughter. The great Balfé, said Sir Hamilton, had brought him a letter from a high quarter, and we should meet him next evening at dinner. Coming duly into the drawing-room, I found that five minutes had sufficed to make the musician very much at home. Of smallish stature, he had an oblong face, and his intimacy of manner,

jocularity, and self-assurance made him the typical Irishman, although his resonant, Italianised voice had lost the accent of the Emerald Isle. He gave his arm to Lady Seymour as if he had known her for years, and contributed to our conversation by a flow of humorous exclamations and stories, none of which, however, smelt of "the shop." Starting as a successful violinist, our Signor Balfi became a favourite baritone basso in the Opera-houses of Italy, showed special skill and taste as an accompanist on the piano, finally arriving at the post of conductor at the Haymarket, where, if his baton was not quite wielded with Costa's fiery disciplinary force, his orchestral readings had a finesse of their own.

An immense success was a concert given by Balfe in the "Hall of the Nobility." I still hear the melodious baritone sounds that vibrated through the air when he began, not in the casual style of to-day, but with the old-fashioned delicacy of tone and accent (Anglice, consonant emphasis), to deliver his *Senza tanti complimenti*, the opening words of the mezzo-carattere duet which he sang with his wife, who was an ex-opera-singer. Supplementary to this fine exhibition of that noble art, the *bel canto*, now dead and buried, was an 'At home,' given by the Signora, when the Legation was present. Mario, of course, was there, the observed not only of all other observers, but also by a lynx-eyed old maid from London, who had fallen a victim to one of those hopeless attachments by which the great tenor was so constantly annoyed. This unhappy damsel had followed him to Russia, but, so far as I could learn, never contrived to exchange a word with the object of her passion, who was by no means addicted to amusements of the amorous sort. The charming Miss Victoire's performance of the "Sonata Pathétique" was, perhaps, more satisfactory than her eventual appearance at the Haymarket Opera as prima donna in the "Sonnambula," a proceeding calculated to provoke dangerous comparisons with the Amina of Jenny Lind.

Not long afterwards, strange to say,

the young lady became the wife of Sir Hamilton's successor, Sir John Crampton—a union soon dissolved in favour of a marriage with the Duc De Frias. Balfe's residence on the English Quay must have put money in his purse, for his capabilities as singing master were hardly inferior to those of Schira or our great Garcia, although some of his English lady pupils complained that the education of their vocal cords was sometimes interrupted by the teacher's divagations into other chapters of physiology. Perhaps the moral susceptibilities of the Russian *ewig weibliche* were not too puritanically acute; in any case, Balfe's clients at St. Petersburg were numerous, and Grand Duchesses were glad to profit by his lessons. One of his Imperial learners, for whose *solfeggios* and solos he expressed admiration, gave him a splendid piece of Moscow jewellery, which, when handed over, so to speak, as a cheque at the appropriate bureau of the Winter Palace, was honoured as an order for a liberal *douceur* in roubles.

The St. Petersburg of those days could boast of an amateur string quartet party which had not its equal in any other capital. The 'cellist was Count Wielhorski, the owner of a fine mansion with a concert-room, who asked me to be his guest. He introduced me to a tall aristocrat, who questioned me on my knowledge and preferences in the domain of chamber music. When I replied that my taste was, of course, only in a state of development, but that my present ideal was Beethoven's quartet No. 13 in B flat, dedicated to Prince Galitzin, my interlocutor drew himself up and proudly exclaimed, "*Monsieur, c'est moi*": his infantine name, he said, had been prefixed to the said masterpiece as a compliment to his father, with whom Beethoven was on intimate terms. The Prince proceeded to present me to the first violin, General Lvoff (the author of the Russian national hymn and director of the Imperial Chapel, rated by Schumann not as a mere amateur, but as a high-class virtuoso); also to one M. Lenz, who, he said, had published a book called "*Beethoven et ses trois Styles*," which every melo-

mane ought to study. This gentleman's enthusiastic, yet accurately analytical, talk delighted me, and when he said, more than once, in enforcing his arguments, "Achetez mon livre," I decided to

follow his injunction. I wish the book stood on my reduced shelves now, by the side of Stendhal's notable monograph on Rossini.

JOY AND SORROW.

By FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

On Time's highway I toil, and with me
twain

Go ever onward; and my cup is filled
One moment with Joy's drops all heav-
en-distilled,

Anon with weary Sorrow's tears and pain.
Yet are these mingled. Joy still tastes
of tears,

And tears of laughter; and at times
Joy's face

Wears Sorrow's semblance for a little
space,

Betwixt conflicting lights of hopes and
fears.

My soul asks, trembling, "When I stand
with Death

Revealing larger life, will Joy alone,
Or Sorrow, lead my footsteps to the
Throne?"

A voice within me cried—the Spirit's
breath—

"Not Joy nor Sorrow, at thy soul's re-
lease,

Awaits that unknown bliss: God's per-
fect peace."

The Use of Statistics.

By F. R. EAST.

(From the Westminster Review.)

STATISTICS enter more and more into the discussion of public questions. Arguments involving an appeal to statistics are more and more frequent. Some knowledge of the principles of statistics is therefore necessary to every one who wishes to form correct judgments on public questions, and the hints which follow may be found instructive.

Statistics give information about the state of things. The information can only influence action by comparison, conscious or unconscious. For all deliberate action involves choice between alternatives, and the only way in which information can influence choice is by adding to or deducting from the weight of one of the alternatives in the mental scales. Suppose a boy is trying to decide whether to enter for the Civil Service examinations or not. Statistics as to the rate of pay in the Civil Service would affect his comparison of the net advantages of the Civil Service with the net advantages of other occupations. But statistics, besides being used directly in this way, are used indirectly, to throw light on the effects of a given cause, and so give information about the state of things which may be expected to result from the operation of the cause. During the last two years the country has been deluged with statistics intended to elucidate the effects of Protection and Free Trade.

The first great mistake to be avoided in either case is the drawing of conclusions from irrelevant statistics. For example, Mr. Chamberlain told the public that the repeal of the Corn Laws did not

lower the price of bread, and supported his contention by statistics showing the average price of corn for years before and after 1846. Now the Corn Laws were repealed in 1846, but the abolition of the duties was not complete till 1849, so that during three of the years Mr. Chamberlain counted in among the Free Trade years, the high duties were still in force. Similarly, comparisons have been made between English and German savings banks deposits. But the words savings bank do not mean the same thing in England as in Germany. The comparison is not fair to England.

Very dangerous mistakes may be made by following the common practice of deducting the condition of a thing from some but not all of the factors which may affect its condition. Suppose we are comparing the United States with England with regard to the prosperity of a given class, say railway engine-drivers. The most obvious test is the money earned for a given amount of work. Of course it proves nothing whatever by itself. Yet Free Trade pamphlets in which the wages of different classes of workmen in England are compared with the wages earned by their fellows in Germany, without reference to the cost of house-room and other commodities, have been scattered broadcast. I do not say for a moment that the real conditions of the workers are better in Germany than in England. We have very high authority indeed—Professor Marshall's—for believing that (as a Free Trader would expect) they are much more unfavourable than the statistics relating to money wages show. Professor Marshall says:

"But the statistics recently published by the Board of Trade show that money wages in Germany have risen only about as fast as those in England, and remain in almost every trade a very long way indeed below the English level, except in one or two trades under special conditions. And, further, if we take account of the changes in the purchasing power of money, we find that real wages in Germany have positively fallen relatively to those in England. I may remark that in 1870 I was told that a thaler, that is three marks, would buy as much of the necessities and commoner comforts of life in Berlin as five shillings in London; and that I found the statement to be fairly correct; while now three marks in Berlin will buy much less than three shillings in London, the qualities of the goods being the same. For this failure of the German people to reap the full benefit of the industrial heritage which fell to them with their new command over the most advanced methods of production and transport there appear to be only two causes. The first is the high German tariff, and the second is the system of German cartels, which, though not created by the tariff, is fostered by it."

So that in this case the purchasing power of money, which is one of the factors of prosperity, varied in the same direction as money wages. But so far as any one reading the pamphlet could tell from it, the purchasing power of money might have varied in the opposite direction. The pamphlet told half the facts, and no conclusion could properly be drawn from it. Even if money wages and the purchasing power of money were both known, we should not be able to draw exact, though we might draw approximate, conclusions as to the prosperity of railway engine-drivers in England compared with the prosperity of those in the United States. For the climates might differ (as the climates of the tropics and of England differ), so that it was possible to do more work at a given wage in the one country than in the other.

And, further, besides the things which are desired for themselves, all classes buy some things which are desired for purposes of display. Such of them as a man will purchase even at the expense

of going without some of the things which are necessary to his working efficiency are called conventional necessities. A top hat may be a conventional necessity. So often may be a parlour. The amount of respect which a given amount of expenditure will purchase varies from place to place. It may cost a man either more or less to satisfy his vanity in the United States than in England. There is yet another fact which has to be allowed for when contrasting different occupations. It is constancy of employment: workmen engaged in the building trade get more than other workmen of equal skill when they are at work, but they cannot work all the year round.

If we now turn to the process of deducing the effects of a given cause from statistics, we find that the process is the converse of that just described. In the last example we started with the factors, and had to build up the result, taking care to count in every factor. In the present case we have to ascertain what has been the effect of a certain cause by subtracting from a net result the effects of all the other causes which have helped to produce it. The great caution to be observed is in Quetelet's words, "Be careful to weigh and record all the possible causes of an event, and do not attribute to one what is really the result of the combination of several."

A difference between two sets of figures of the same kind may be due to a chance variation, or to a cause which acts periodically, or to an essential difference between the things to which the figures refer, or to a combination of these factors. To eliminate chance variations the best plan is to take the average of a sufficiently large number of observations. What is a sufficiently large number of observations depends on the range and magnitude of the variations sought to be eliminated. The point is to take so many observations that the number of variations on one side of the true mean equals the number of variations (of the same magnitude) on the other, so that they cancel one another. Care is needed in dealing with averages. In the first place, the distribution of a thing is often more important than its average strength, as, for instance, in es-

timating prosperity by average income. Again, there are certain technical errors to be avoided.

For instance, suppose the death-rate for one district is ten per 1,000, and for another twenty per 1,000. No valid conclusion as to the death-rate for the two districts together can be arrived at unless we know the relative proportions of the two populations. Sometimes the conclusion is jumped to that (in the instance) the combined death-rate must be fifteen per 1,000. Care must be taken in dealing with averages for successive units of space and time. For example, the amounts (to the nearest thousand million) presented through the London Bankers' Clearing House for the ten years ending 1901 were six, six, six, eight, eight, seven, eight, nine, nine, and ten thousand millions. The average for the first five years was 6.8 thousand millions, and for the last five years 8.6 thousand millions. The difference between these two averages is 1.8 thousand millions. But this difference does not represent the progress from 1892 to 1901. The excess of the figures for 1901 over those for 1892 is four thousand million. It represents the difference between the centres of gravity so to speak (about five years apart) of the two sets of figures.

To eliminate causes which act periodically a different plan may be adopted sometimes with advantage. Chance variations are not easy to trace; in comparing two sets of figures it is almost impossible to distinguish between the effect of a chance variation and of an essential difference, and when, as often happens, the figures relate to a short period or small area, it is impossible to take averages which could be trusted. But with periodical variations the case is different. For instance, the figures published some time ago by the Board of Trade show that employment moves in (roughly) ten-year cycles. Now it is obvious that the cycle in England might not synchronise with that in the United States. So if we wished to compare England with the United States as to employment for a given five years' period, we should get very misleading

results if we did not allow for the possibility that England was at the crest of the wave while the United States were on the trough, or vice versa. And in such a case the best thing to do is to add to or deduct from the sets of figures what is required to bring them to the same position on the wave slope. It is assumed that some special reason exists for examining this particular period separately, so that we cannot take an average of this and preceding or succeeding periods taken together.

The most difficult of all to eliminate are the effects of essential differences between the things to which the figures refer. Averages are useless, because the differences are not due to chance. There is no wave to be allowed for. We have to estimate carefully the effect of every factor, and this is scarcely ever done completely. Mr. Schooling made an instructive blunder lately in half doing it, in his article "Has Pauperism Declined?" in the "Fortnightly Review." First of all he took the perfectly correct figures showing the proportion of paupers of all ages to the total population, which show that pauperism has declined considerably in recent years. Then he analysed these figures, pointing out that the number of adult paupers had remained practically stationary, while a great decrease in the number of child paupers had taken place. Then he argued that as the birth-rate had declined, there had been fewer children to become paupers, and so the decline in pauperism was only apparent and due to the decline in the birth-rate. It did not occur to him that while the proportion of children in the population, and therefore of possible child paupers, is less than it was, the proportion of adults, and therefore of possible adult paupers, is greater than it was, so that while the decline in child pauperism is not so good as it looks, the stationary position of adult pauperism represents a fall relatively to the number of adults. And Mr. Schooling is thought to be an authority on statistics.

It is, however, much more common for factors to be overlooked than counted in when they really make no difference.

Nearly all the arguments based on import and export statistics as to the effects of Protection and Free Trade that have been written during the present controversy are invalid, because in writing them one factor has been overlooked.

That factor is the invisible export and import of debt. It is so important, and so frequently ignored, that detailed treatment of it may be permitted. To begin with, both Protectionists and Free Traders assume that an increase of exports is always a good thing for the exporting country. That this is untrue may be shown by a very simple illustration.

Suppose a South American railway borrows £1,000,000 in England in order to extend the line, and suppose the money is spent on English rails, locomotives, goods bought by the workmen making the line, and so on. Then evidently the English shareholders have hired English workmen to make the materials for the new South American railway, and to make the things with which to hire workmen to construct it.

Suppose, on the other hand, that an English railway company borrows £1,000,000 in England for a similar purpose, buying its materials in England, and employing British workmen to construct the line. In this case the English shareholders have hired English workmen to construct a railway in England for them.

In the first case our exports would be increased by £1,000,000, in the second case they would not be increased at all. But it does not follow that England would be any better off in the first case. If the yield to the shareholders was the same in each case, England would be worse off. For a railway is a benefit not only to those who own it, but to those who travel by it or buy goods that have been sent by it. And in the first case this benefit would go to South America, and in the second to England. If by the aid of a jinn we could transport all our railways to the United States, they would make a splendid addition to our exports; but we should miss them. Even in the case of the South-Eastern, absence might make the heart grow fonder.

But of course it is not correct to assume that whenever England lends

money abroad the money is spent in England. Let us consider what may happen when, for instance, Japan borrows money from Englishmen:

(1) England may reduce the debt owing to her by other countries by selling abroad foreign securities, such as American railway shares.

(2) England may increase the debt owing by her to other countries by selling abroad English securities, such as Consols.

In either case England does not really provide the capital required by Japan. The country to whom the securities are sold provide it (unless the country imitates England in selling securities).

(3) England may send goods to Japan. This has actually occurred lately. Large orders for clothing have been placed in England.

(4) England may send goods to a third country which supplies goods to Japan (or to a fourth which sends goods to Japan—the chain may be long). This is probably by far the most frequently used method of sending capital abroad. How it comes about will be more clearly seen in the light of the following passage, quoted from the paper read by Mr. Felix Schuster before the Institute of Bankers on December 16, 1903. This paper, and the speeches delivered in the discussion which followed the reading of it (from one of which I have already quoted), contain an immense amount of information and instructive argument. Mr. Schuster says:

"The merchant who sells his goods here does not know, nor does he care, whether any goods go out in exchange; he obtains payment, as we have seen, in a bill of exchange, which does not necessarily imply an export of gold, but which gives the holder of such bills the power of withdrawing gold from here if he so chooses. Thus we have at certain times, such as the present, withdrawals of gold, which can be directly traced to our imports of wheat and cotton from the United States, or Egypt, or the Argentine Republic. Such exports of gold may necessitate the raising of our money rates to a level above that of other countries, in order not to further deplete our

stock of the precious metal; thus foreign money is attracted until such time when we can lower our rates again, through having in our turn received payment in gold for goods shipped to other countries, or for services rendered them. A prolonged period of rates prevailing here at a higher level than in other centres has an additional effect: investment stocks go down; in countries that have taken the gold from us, or have the power to take gold, the opposite takes place, money becomes cheaper and investment stocks rise, the consequence is that the home investor in, say, American railway bonds, finds the return to him is less than the return on a home investment, and he will be induced to sell."

Now, as the only way we can lend money abroad is by sending securities, or goods and services, and as if we send away securities we do not really provide any capital, it is obvious that when we really invest more capital than usual abroad our exports of goods and services must increase; and conversely, when we invest less than usual abroad, our exports must decrease. Now, according to Mr. Schluster, there actually was a change in the direction in which we invested our capital during the last twenty years.

"In 1891 financial troubles in South America brought about a total change of feeling with regard to foreign investments, and the new capital issues fell to £105,000,000 in that year, to £81,000,000 in 1892, to £49,000,000 in 1893. From 1891 onwards there is a rapid and material fall in our exports, which continued till 1895; during that period, which we bankers remember so well as one of excessively cheap money, when all foreign enterprise was under a cloud, the seeds were sown for the very large municipal borrowings which at present give rise to so much serious reflection. The indebtedness of local authorities in the United Kingdom rose from £265,000,000 in 1894 to £376,000,000 in 1901, an increase in seven years of £111,000,000. The distrust of investors in foreign securities was increased in 1893 by the Australian banking losses, and in subse-

quent years by the currency troubles in the United States. In 1895 peace was concluded between China and Japan, and the large war indemnity was paid to the Bank of England, raising the stock of gold to unprecedented figures. The demand for home securities increased, and record prices were reached. In 1896 new capital applied for again rose to £153,000,000. The demand was not so much for foreign or colonial securities, but mainly for home investments and industrial undertakings of all sorts. We have thus a distinct change in the channels of investment; we deliberately turned away from foreign and colonial enterprises in favour of investments in the home markets, and to that may be directly due part of the lack of expansion in our exports which would have followed naturally had we placed the capital abroad, and also the increase in our imports for the home industries, which receive much of their material from abroad."

That is to say, instead of making railways abroad we were making tramways at home.

There is another factor which is often ignored in dealing with import and export statistics of the United Kingdom. It illustrates well the need for careful examination of the way in which a set of statistics is compiled before using them (another instance is the way in which Mr. Chamberlain mistook a substitution of men for a larger number of children in the cotton industry for a decrease in the amount of labour employed).

The import figures in the Board of Trade returns represent the cost, insurance and freight. The export figures represent the cost of making the goods and of delivering them on board ship. Let us suppose we buy £100 worth of goods from America. Let us suppose this value includes all the expenses until the goods are put on board. Let us suppose that the goods are brought over in English ships. (The amount of carrying we do for other countries much more than counterbalances what they do for us.) Let us suppose the freight is £5. Then, neglecting insurance, this will fig-

ure in the Board of Trade returns as an import of £105 worth of goods. Now let us suppose an American buys £100 worth of goods from us, the value including as before all expenses until the goods are put on board and the goods being sent across in English ships. This will figure in the Board of Trade returns as an export of £100, the freight (£5 as before) not being counted. This is obviously wrong. Where, then, should the line be drawn so as to show the real amount we owe America and America owes us?

Now, in the first case we evidently owe America for all the work done in America. But we do not owe America for the freight, which represents work done by Englishmen. In the other case America evidently owes us both for the expenses until the goods are put on board and the freight, both of which represent British work. So that we owe America £100 and America owes us £105, exactly reversing the Board of Trade figures. This detailed example is given to show that it is the total freights that have to be considered, and not, as it is sometimes said, "the profits of our carrying trade."

Now it is possible to get some idea of the magnitude of the amounts received for ocean-carrying. Out of the freights received there must be paid:

- (1) The wages of the seamen employed;
- (2) The wages of the men employed in shipbuilding, who keep the merchant fleet up to its full strength, and keep it in repair. We ought also to include the cost of the materials out of which the ships are made; but the statistics are insufficient. But as the tonnage of the fleet is 10,000,000 the cost of iron, steel,

and other materials used must be very great;

- (3) The cost of the coal used.

As to (1) we have a definite basis to work on. The number of men employed in the merchant service in 1901 was 97,461, at, say, 30s. a week, that gives us about £7,000,000 a year.

As to (2), the number of men employed in shipbuilding in 1901 was 86,524. It is not clear how many of these were employed in building and repairing our own merchant fleet, and how many in building and repairing foreign ships, warships, etc. We shall probably under-estimate the number if we count them at half their full strength. This, at 30s. a week, gives us about £3,000,000 a year. Besides these there are the cost of materials and also profits.

As to (3), the value of the coal used can be stated with some precision. The exports of coal in 1901 were of the value of £30,000,000. More than half the exports were used by our own shipping. This gives us £15,000,000 a year. This, without counting cost of materials for ships, profits of shareholders, profits of shipowners, or heavy marine insurance, gives us a total of £25,000,000 a year to be paid for out of freights. This is a fairly large amount to be omitted from the calculations of some scores of writers on the fiscal question.

Enough has been said to call attention to the need for common sense and alertness in dealing with statistics. It is not so much rules that one needs, as a habit of constantly asking whether the deductions are justified by the statistics, a habit of constantly watching for errors. It must be remembered that, with all their dangers, statistics form the only basis for correct conclusions on very many important questions.



Shakespeare in a Genevan Cloak.

(From the Saturday Review.)

DR. BIRKBECK HILL wrote a book to prove that Johnson was a Whig, and Dr. Thomas Carter wrote one equally paradoxical to show that Shakespeare was a Puritan. His present volume is incidentally directed to bring out Shakespeare's familiarity with the Bible in the Genevan version. The Authorised being, of course, out of the question, since Shakespeare's literary work was nearly finished by 1611, the matter lies practically between the Great, or Cranmer's, Bible (1539), the Bishops' Bible (1568), and the Genevan, which ran through a hundred and sixty editions between 1560 and the Great Rebellion. The last-named version, from its size and price, was well adapted for common domestic use, and its violent Protestant character, which caused it to be discountenanced by authority, gave it a further popular zest. On the other hand the official versions were read in church, except where the nonconformist rectors and vicars boldly used the Genevan. But Dr. Carter does not seem to have noticed that the Psalms and liturgical scriptures (the Epistles and Gospels), as well as some other parts of the service must have been familiar to Englishmen—as the Psalter is to this day—in the Henry VIII. translation.

The dispassionate reader is likely, we think, to be of Mr. Sidney Lee's opinion that Shakespeare's Bible knowledge does not go beyond what a clever boy would be certain to acquire in school or church, rather than to agree with Dr. Furnivall that he is "saturated with the Bible story." Dr. Carter finds scriptural phraseology under every turn of speech. Yet he cites words like "wee'l set thee to

schoole "o an Ant," though all the versions except the Authorised have "go to the pismire. O sluggard." The poet speaks of charity where the Genevan speaks of love; of our captain Christ where the Authorised has captain, but the Genevan prince and Cranmer lord, of salvation. "The day is almost spent" is one of Dr. Carter's illustrations. But Cranmer and the Genevan have "is farre passed." Delilah's green wit—a common expression—might conceivably have been suggested by the "green withs" of 1611, but scarcely by the "green cordes" of 1560.

Dr. Carter will not allow Shakespeare to write "all hail" of his own mere motion. It happens, however, that the words do not occur in the Genevan version. He very properly gives the original spelling of his documents, and so notes that Shakespeare and all the versions except Rheims have ought for owed. This is true of the real Authorised, into which the later printers have introduced many changes in the worms of words—e. g. boil for bile, Jerusalem for Hierusalem, ere for yer, alien for aliant, champaign for champion, brittle for brickle, lose for leese, and fetched for fet. This last word Dr. Carter mistakes for "set." On the same page we fancy he misses the meaning of "motion," a puppet-show.

In some passages, if Shakespeare is influenced by Bible language at all, he echoes Cranmer, not the Genevan. A husband is his wife's "lord"; but the Genevan alone has "Sara called him Syr." "Suffer hell so to prevail" are his words. But 1560 alone has "the gates of hell shall not overcome." We think, however, that a fair case is made out for

Shakespeare's greater familiarity with the latter version. Norfolk says that lions cannot change the leopard's spots. Now every translation of Jerem. xiii, 23, except the Genevan, calls the leopard a cat o' mountain. It alone speaks of Jacob's parti-coloured lambs, as Shakespeare does; the Authorised has ring-straked. These are the best test-instances. Of the others on which Dr. Carter relies some are very trifling—thus "at point," rather than "at the point," of death, "peace and be still" for "peace, be still," or the addition of "on" to "having a wedding-garment"; something, surely, even in a great versifier, is metri causa; but "looked angerly," or "give place to the devil," or "amendment of life" (for penance or repentance), may be reminiscences of the Genevan, and Falstaff's quip about sackcloth and old sack very likely recalled to the audience the 1560 translation of Ps. xxxv. 13—"I was clothed with a sacke." Bishop Charles Wordsworth points out that the Dauphin's quotation, "*Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement, et la (true) lavez au bourbier*" is almost exactly from the Genevan Bible of 1588. Of examples of correspondence with both Cranmer and Geneva as against the later King James version the following will suffice: "Death is to him advantage" (A. V. "to die is gain"); the "field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls" (Cran., Gen., "Golgotha, the place of dead men's sculles"); "these pickers and stealers," which, of course, recalls the Catechism; but the 1611 "not purloyning" was in Cranmer and the Genevan, "neither pickers." Isabella's "sicles of the tested gold" is the Genevan marginal spelling of shekels. But surely King Richard's fortunes may have been said to be light when weighed in the balance against Bullingbroke's without any reference to the writing on Belshazzar's wall.

Dr. Carter's book, in fact, though it displays a minute familiarity with the text of the Bible and puts before the student the full materials for judging for himself, is an absurd over-statement. Six out of seven of the instances he gives of Shakespeare's habit of direct or indirect quotation from Holy Scripture are utterly unconvincing. If one person offers to be headsmen for another, the

dramatist must have been thinking of the Church's prayers for S. Peter in prison. He cannot speak of constancy, of death and banishment, of tearing the hair, of learning the weather from the sky, of cutting off a diseased limb, of the sin of suicide, of being undone, of being scourged with rods, of spreading a net, of holding one's peace, of temptation, virtue, sorrow, or almost anything else, but he has some scriptural passage in his mind. Costard's week's fasting on bran and water is a "quip on the text 1 Cor. vii. 5"! Collocations like soul and heart, phrases like "'tis no time," "seeking that shall find their deaths," "worthy death," "God save the king," "in God's name," "'sith," "'gainst his coming," "sick unto death," "verily," "amen," "the king is moved," "be of good comfort," "mete," "all things necessary," "set teeth on edge," "in the room of," "not a whit," "God forbid," and scores more as common, are quotations. "Happy he whose cloak and cincture can Hold out this tempest" refers to Elijah.

When Falstaff says, "Hostess, I forgive thee! go make ready breakfast, love thy husband, cherish thy guests," etc., we are gravely referred to Romans xii.—"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves. If thine enemy hunger, feede him, etc." Dogberry's famous advice how to deal with a thief is a reminiscence of the totally irrelevant Eccles. xxxvi. 26. The heavens raining odours recall the golden vials full of odours, though the former come down and the latter ascend. In "Timon of Athens" we are told that a man that has no house to put his head in may rail against great buildings. Dr. Carter actually parallels this with the prophecy against the great buildings of the Temple of Him who had not where to lay His head.

If he would blot (to use a good old expression) three-quarters of his book, the rest would be really instructive. Only a defective sense of humour could see in Bottom's assurance that he is not a lion but "as other en are" a parallel to SS. Paul and Barnabas' disclaimer of divine honours, or ingeniously regard Falstaff's "he talked wisely and in the street too" as a "direct quotation" from Prov. i. 20, "Wisdom uttereth her voyce in the streets." Nevertheless, Dr. Carter oc-

casionally gives us happy parallels, some of which, if we remember rightly escaped Bishop Wordsworth in 1864. Shallow's pious commonplace mixed with talk about bullocks at Stamford fair reminds our author (if it did not remind Shakespeare) of the question in the Apocrypha, "How can hee get wisdom that is occupied in the labours of oxen and talketh but of the breed of bullocks?" Chapmen who dispraise the thing that they desire to buy are like the buyer who saith, it is naught. Queen Katharine's words, "The

back is sacrifice to the load" recall Isaac carrying the wood on which he was to be offered; and the rash bavin wits, soon kindled and soon burnt, are that laughter of fools which crackles like thorns under the pot. The correspondence between Hamlet's "call me what instrument you will you cannot play upon me," and Job's "I am as a tabret before them," is obvious to any one who knows the Bible well. But that Shakespeare knew it as Dr. Carter does, or better than the man in the pew, we are unconvinced.

THE SUFFOLK YEOMAN'S SONG.

By J. HUGHES.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

Good neighbours, since you've knocked
me down,
I'll sing you a song of songs the crown;
For it shall be to the fair renown
Of a race that yields to no man.
When order first on earth began,
Each king was than a husbandman;
He honour'd the plough,
And the barley mow,
Maintained his court from off his farm,
And kept all round him tight and warm,
Like a right down Suffolk yeoman.

The plough was then a nation's boast,
And the pride of them that rul'd the
roast;
And so felt one well worth a host—
A brave and noble Roman.
Some here may call to mind his name,
Eut the thing is true, and it's all the
same:
In war and debate
He sav'd the state;
He made the haughty foe to bow,
And when all was done, went back to
plough,
Like a home-bred Suffolk yeoman.

Said Horace, "I'm grown sick of court,
And Caesar's crack champagne and port;
To sing and pun for great folk's sport
Is the life of a raree showman;
I long, 'mid all the fun of Rome,
To see how my farm goes on at home."
Now his parts were renown'd
The world around,
But he stuck to his turnips, wheat and
hops,
And yet trust me if he grew such crops
As a thriving Suffolk yeoman.

The Religion of the American Negro.

By F. M. DAVENPORT.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

NO one doubts, I suppose, that in the negro people, whether in Africa or America, we have a child race. The old slave system of the Southland snatched the ancestors of this race from savagery only one or two hundred years ago. A century or two is not a long period in the social evolution of any people, especially one whose early abode was in the African jungle beneath a tropic sun. And so we should expect to find among the masses of the black people, as we do, many clear marks of their inheritance. Dense ignorance and superstition, a vivid imagination, volatile emotion, a weak will power, small sense of morality, are universally regarded as the most prominent traits of the negro in those sections of the country, notably some parts of the black belt, where he appears in his primitive simplicity. In other parts of the South, where the influence of real education has been at work, the mental and moral character of great numbers of the blacks would not so exactly fit this description. Both slavery and emancipation days have brought to them ideal and aspiration. The culture of the white race has been imitated. They are in possession of much of what may be spoken of as the Anglo-Saxon consciousness. Many members of the negro race have shown capacity for high thought and heroic deed.

But in general there has not yet been time enough for more than a superposition of higher elements upon their in-

herited mental, social and religious nature. Of true mental development in the race as a race there has been little. Civilisation and savagery dwell side by side in the same spirit, and the result is often flagrant contradiction in thinking, in feeling, in conduct. According to the chance of the moment, the one or the other shows itself with its appropriate accompaniment of utterance and act. I once spent part of an August evening on the top of Lookout Mountain in the northwestern corner of Georgia, listening with a company of friends to an old hermit dinky's account of his religious conversion. He was a powerful giant of a black man, sixty-seven years of age, a recluse, but known favourably by the dwellers all over the mountain. He spoke to us on the porch of our hostess's residence, in the darkness, with only a flickering light shining in his face. He had reached the climax of the recital, was in a considerable state of ecstasy, and was very anxiously seeking to impress us all with his spiritual experience, when suddenly his dog began barking furiously just behind him and utterly broke the continuity of his thought and of his speech. I think no one of us will ever forget the dash of savagery that came into his face as he turned with flashing eye and foaming lip upon that canine intruder. It was a startling transition, revealing the crater of primitive passion just underneath the crust of religious culture and nurture.

The most prominent activity of the

negro race in America is religion. Of course I mean religion of a certain type, which can only be understood when viewed historically and in the light of the mental development which these people have attained. A little time ago, comparatively speaking, their ancestors were practising primitive rites on the African west coast. And the slave ships brought to the West Indian sugar fields, and to the Southern States ultimately, a people who were saturated with superstition. Many accounts have been written of negro Voodooism, which have no doubt been much exaggerated. Voodooism was a cult in which the snake was regarded as a sacred animal, as it has been in various parts of the world. It is a phase of the animistic faith of the early children of nature. It seems certain that this rite, among others, existed in Hayti in early slavery times and that mixtures of Voodooism and other rites with Christianity were common in the old plantation days in the South. The practice of charm and magic is well-nigh universal to-day among the mass of the black race in the lower Mississippi Valley. This phenomenon is reflected clearly in the negro's religious experience—he must have some sign of conversion. The sun must stand still at the moment of the great change, or the moon must exhibit a strange transformation of colour, or a star must twinkle in a peculiar way.

The childlikeness of their conceptions, even in a more advanced stage, is shown in the growth of such a sect as the "sheep-calling Baptists" in parts of Alabama, with whom the communion is observed two hours before day. They meet out in the woods or sometimes in the church. The people gather inside and then disperse among the trees and the bushes outside. The preacher dons his robe, and in the character of a shepherd goes forth to gather in his sheep. "Coo-oo Sheep! Coo - oo - Sh'p - Cooshy - Coo-oo-Sheep!" he calls, and the men of his flock from their place in the forest answer, "Ba! Ba!" and the women from the bushes answer likewise, and they follow him into the church. They employ

two kinds of bread in administering the sacrament—the black bread for the outsider who is "not of this fold" and the white bread for the true sheep.

With the American negro the church is the exclusive social centre, and in the South practically every man and woman of the race is a member of the church. Thoroughly religious animal as he is by nature, with extraordinary emotional endowment added thereto, he would find it difficult to withstand the almost constant tide of revival that sweeps over his community. Every religious meeting has a tendency to fall at once into the revival form, and anyway he cannot escape those great gatherings of the country people at camp-meeting each year when the crops are "laid by."

The negro preacher is a figure of singular interest. The descendant of the medicine-man of the African clan, "he early appeared on the plantation and found his function as the healer of the sick, the interpreter of the unknown, the comforter of the sorrowing, the supernatural avenger of wrong and the one who rudely but picturesquely expressed the longing, disappointment and resentment of a stolen and oppressed people." He became the leader in the early quasi-Christian institutions which preceded the negro churches, and finally the pastor of the regularly organised societies. Since the days of freedom, the colored preacher, as the most prominent man in the community, has often been not only the spiritual leader, but the political boss, the idealist on the Sabbath, the very practical opportunist during the week, whose claims to morality, either political or personal, would not bear minute investigation.

Of course I am speaking not of the city pastors of the Border States, where are to be found cultivated, intelligent and thoroughly moral men in the younger generation, nor would the representation be an accurate one if applied universally anywhere, but there is no doubt about the type. The colored minister has been the social radical, proclaiming the equality of the races according to the Scriptures, always the emotional orator swaying his

audiences at will, expounding the doctrines of depravity and damnation, and too often illustrating them in his daily practice, appealing to the instinctive emotions of fear and hate as well as love, the mourner, the shouter, the visioner, rioting in weird pictures, his preaching an incoherent, irrational rhythmic ecstasy, his thinking following absolutely the psychological law of the blending of mental images. Here is a primitive man with primitive traits in a modern environment.

And the religious method? Like that of the Indian ghost-dance, emotional and hypnotic to the core. The sound of religious music, the personality of the preacher, are like tinder to the nature of the black man. He is in the highest degree suggestible.

I once attended a simple "experience meetin'" of black people in Tennessee in which these influences were very visibly at work. At the outset the interest was not intense, and I noted several colored people on the fringe of the crowd sound asleep. Testimony flagged a little, and the leader called for that expression of tense emotional excitement known among the negroes as "mournin'." One speaker was floundering in a weltering chaos of images and seemed likely to sink without anybody to rescue him, when the leader arose and with animation on every feature shouted to the audience, "Mourn him up, chillun!" And the audience began—all except those who were asleep—at first soft and low, but rising higher and higher until they fell into a rhythm that carried everything before it, including the disciple who had been floundering for words in which to phrase his religious experience. But he had trouble no longer. Images flashed through his mind with great rapidity and found quick expression on his lips. He spoke in rhythm, and the audience rhythmically responded. He was speedily in full movement, head, arms, feet, eyes, face, and soon he was lost in ecstasy. And the contagion swept everything before it. Even the sound sleepers on the fringe of the crowd were caught and carried into the movement as if by a tide of the sea.

At the very climax of the meeting a woman rose to her feet and moved forward to the open space in front of the pulpit, evidently under the compulsion of the lyric wave. Having reached the front, in one wild burst of pent-up emotion she fell rigid to the floor and lay there motionless during the rest of the service. She was not disturbed. Like the devotees of the ghost-dance, she, too, was believed to be enjoying visions of the unseen world.

But the most perfect example of this extraordinary suggestibility of the colored race that has ever come within the range of my investigation is one that I am now about to relate. I would not print it if I did not believe it to be absolutely genuine. It is such a perfect illustration because it dissociates the hypnotic element so completely from any true spiritual element, and shows the power of suggestion in its nakedness. In a little town between Cleveland, Tennessee, and Chattanooga, it was the purpose to give a donation to the colored minister. One of the brethren in the church volunteered to make a collection of the offerings from homes of the members, and an old colored woman, somewhat well to do, lent her cart and a pair of steers to this brother to facilitate the gathering of the donation goods. After he had been throughout the neighbourhood and secured a reasonable load of groceries, provisions and clothing, he drove off to Chattanooga and sold everything, including the cart and the steers, pocketed the proceeds and departed for Atlanta on a visit to his relatives. Consternation and then indignation reigned supreme in the home community when it became known that he was gone. After some time the culprit drifted back, in deep contrition, but having spent all. Indignation once more rose to a white heat, and it was determined to give him a church trial without waiting for any legal formality. The day was set, the meeting was crowded; the preacher presided, and after a statement of the charges, announced that the accused would be given a chance to be heard. He went forward and took the place of the preacher on the platform.

"I ain't got nuffin to say fo' myse'f," he began in a penitent voice, "I'se a po' mis'able sinner. But, bredren, so is we all mis'able sinners. An' de good book says we must fergib. How many times, bredren? Till seven times? No, till seventy times seven. An' I ain't sinned no seventy times seven, an' I'm jes' go' to sugges' dat we turn dis into a fergibness meetin' an' eberybody in dis great comp'ny dat is willin' to fergib me, come up now, while we sing one of our deah ole hymns, and shake ma hand." And he started one of the powerful revival tunes, and they began to come, first those who hadn't given anything to the donation and were not much interested in the matter anyway, then those who hadn't lost much, and then the others. Finally they had all passed before him except one, and she stuck to her seat. And he said, "Dar's one po' mis'able sinner still lef', dat won't fergib, she won't fergib. (She was the old woman who lost the steers.) Now I sugges' that we hab a season ob prayer, an' gib dis po' ole sinner one mo' chance." And after they had prayed and sung a hymn, the old woman came up, too !

At many of the "big quarterlies" and the "protracted meetin's" which are held in the South, there are scenes of frenzy, of human passion, of collapse, of catalepsy, of foaming at the mouth, of convulsion, of total loss of inhibition, compared with the scorching heat of which the Indian ghost-dance seems at times only a pale moon. To be "mad with supernatural joy" is with the negro the great test of supernatural presence. The influence of the demon worship of their ancestors in the African forest is still interwoven with the mental prepossessions and the nervous organisation of the race.

There are a few of the primitive phenomena which particularly distinguish the religion of the negro so interesting as to warrant our observing them a little more closely. The group of motor manifestations, the rhythm, the shout, the "falling out," are exceedingly characteristic. High feeling, discharging itself in muscular action, and discharging itself rhythmically, is everywhere a spontane-

ous manifestation of children and of child races. If this feeling discharges itself through the muscles of the vocal organs, we have the shout. If through the feet, we have the dance. The sacred dance is, of course, not so common among the negroes as among the Indians. But it is quite common. I have had several instances of it brought to my attention.

There is a small sect near Granada, Mississippi, who sing and preach and dance in turn. A correspondent writes me that there is a church near Appomattox in which great preparations are made for the revival every September. Certain of the membership are specially trained for the "flower dance," which takes place in the church and is not very unlike the Red Indian variety in its form and in its effect. In the country districts of Alabama we hear of the "roper dance," which consists of an excited embrace of the sexes followed by a march around a central figure who claps his hands and shouts vociferously. My informant avers that this procedure takes place at the close of the meeting, and in many cases results in gross immorality.

The Primitive Orthodox Zion Baptist Church at Yamassee, Florida, holds a "Rocking Daniel" dance at the close of the communion service. The membership form a circle in front of the pulpit, in the centre of which the leader stands. They move around the leader in single file, singing "Rock Daniel, rock Daniel, rock Daniel till I die." Then they fall into regular step and gesticulate and shout till exhaustion supervenes.

No one who has listened to a typical negro preacher or a typical negro congregation has failed to observe the rhythmic cadence into which they unconsciously drop. Rhythm is the line of least resistance for high emotion. A change in tone level is a rest to the muscles which are producing the vociferous effects. The same phenomenon has appeared among the Hard Shell Baptists, the Friends and the early Methodists, and has always the same significance.

When the emotion is very violent, muscle contraction becomes abnormal and we have the phenomenon of "falling

out." This circumstance is held by probably the major part of religious colored people as the clearest evidence of divine grace and conversion. It used always to be a necessary attestation of the "call to preach." Booker T. Washington in his autobiography describes the process as it took place in his early home in West Virginia. "Usually the call came when the individual was sitting in church. Without warning he would fall upon the floor as if struck by a bullet, and would lie there for hours, speechless and motionless. If he were inclined to resist the summons, he would fall a second or third time. In the end he always yielded to the 'call.'"

This of course fostered a tendency to the oversupply of ministers. Mr. Washington speaks of one church with which he was acquainted which had a total membership of about two hundred, eighteen of whom were regular preachers. One of the surest evidences of the growth of intelligence, civilisation and good sense among the blacks is the considerable decline in the number of those who are thus "called to preach." Under the influence of education and enlightenment, the grade of ministers is steadily changing for the better. But the great majority of the older and the untrained men still depend upon mere noise and hypnotic excitement for the conversion of their hearers. Anything else with them is degeneration. "It's all booklarnin'," they say, "dey ain't no Holy Ghos' in it at all."

In the earlier days fasting among the negroes was a common custom precedent to conversion. Dr. Charles T. Walker, of New York City, a distinguished preacher to the colored race, known as the "black" Spurgeon, a man of intelligence and cultivation, assures me of this, and once described to me his own experience. The incident is also related in his biography. On Wednesday in a certain week in the month of June, while he was hoeing cotton, he decided to become a "seeker." He followed the usual custom. When he reached the end of the row, without saying a word to anybody, he jumped over the fence and went into the woods. Without eating or drink-

ing, without seeing any one, he remained in the woods until the following Saturday afternoon, when he was "happily converted." The custom of fasting, as many know, has a primitive origin and is very widespread. It was not an invention. It was often a grim necessity. But the hunger of the savage brought him vivid dreams and visions, and seemed to give preternatural acuteness to his spirit. And then fastness grew to be an institution. The Indian boy regularly fasts about the age of puberty. He goes off into the forest, as young Walker did, until his vision comes. Whatever then appears to him is his supernatural friend, his Manitou. Of course the abnormal mental excitement is caused primarily by the lack of food, but everywhere among primitive peoples it is ascribed to a possessing divinity.

A very certain though unsavory bit of evidence of the negro's primitive state is found in the great gulf still fixed in his consciousness between religion and morality. Average ecclesiastical leadership is not yet skilful enough to bridge the abyss. * * *

This great gulf is revealed especially by the absence of sexual virtue to so marked a degree, and by the overpowering propensity to petty theft. The wide prevalence of the crime of lynching among the whites of the South testifies eloquently to the reign of lust among the blacks, and as for petty thieving, it is so common as often to excite only humorous comment. A colored house-girl "seeking religion" under the guidance of a colored "mother in the gospel" will abstract a pound of butter from the day's churning of her employer, and carry it as a compensation to her "mother" for helping her to "come through," without a glimmering of the real nature of her act. This appears to be unmorality rather than immorality. Long ago the great Englishman Jowett spoke of the "ages before morality," by which he meant the time when ethics in the modern sense of the relation of man to man was not born, although religion was born and was flourishing. And the negro still

lives in those ages, and has the undeveloped ethical sense.

I have been speaking of the American negro type, and not of all negroes. Wherever the influence of Hampton and Tuskegee and other institutions has permeated, the heaven is at work that will

some day no doubt regenerate the whole lump. There is something intrinsically noble in a race which has manifested such an original genius for beautiful music. Nothing like it has appeared in any other population element on American soil.

AUTUMN TEARS.

By NITA HUTCHISON.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

Listen! 'tis the curlew calling,
And his notes sound sad and shrill,
By the loch, across the moorland,
O'er the bracken-gilded hill;
For he sings the dirge of summer,
And the listening land is still.

Mournfully pale, lingering heath-bells
Drop brown tears upon the grass,
Sadly blue-veined bell-flowers quiver
As the dreary sob-sounds pass;
For they tell of dying summer,
And all nature cries "Alas!"

Listen! now the earth is sighing
And the star-sown skies burn pale,
While the heart within me pulses
To the curlew's moaning wail;
For my summer too has ended
In a tear-dimmed autumn veil.

The Cottage of the Kindly Light.

By ALFRED NOYES.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

There is a valley of fir-woods in the West
That slopes between great mountains to the sea.
Once, at the valley's mouth, a cottage stood:
Its ruins remain, like boulders of a rock,
High on the hill, whose base is white with foam.
To its forsaken garden sometimes come
Lovers, who lean upon its grass-grown gate
And listen to the sea-song far below;
Or little children, with their baskets, trip
Merrily through the fir-woods and the fern,
And climb the crumbling thistle-empurpled wall
Around the tangled copse, and laugh to find
The hardy straggling raspberries all their own.

Round it the curlews wheel and cry all night;
And, with no other comfort than the stars
Can faintly shed from their familiar heights
It has been patient, while the world below
Has hidden itself in darkness and in clouds
Of terror from the landward-rushing storm.
Like a small gleam of quartz in a great rock,
A tiny beacon in the whirling gloom,
It stood and gathered sorrow from the world.

There, many years ago, a woman dwelt,
A sailor's widow with her only son;
And ever as she hugged him to her heart
In those glad days when he was but a child,
Her memories of one black eternal night
When she had watched and waited for the sail
That nevermore returned, filled her with one
Supreme, almost unbreathable, desire
That this her little one, her living bliss,
The last caress incarnate of her love,

Should never leave her side; or, if he left,
 Never set forth upon the sea: her flesh
 Shuddered as the sea shuddered in the sun
 Over the cold grave of her first last love
 Even to dream of it; yet she remained
 Silent and passive on her sea-washed hill,
 Facing the sunset, in that lonely home,
 Where everything bore witness to the sea,—
 The shells her love had brought from foreign lands,
 The model ship he built; yet she remained.
 For her first kisses lingered in the scent
 Of those rough wallflowers round the whitewashed walls,
 And the first flush of love that touched her cheek
 Lingered and lived and died and lived again
 In the pink thrift that nodded by the gate.
 As if these and her outlook o'er the sea
 Were nought else but her soul's one atmosphere,
 Wherein alone she lived and moved and breathed,
 Having no other thought but This is home,
 My part in God's eternity, she still
 Remained. The lad grew; yet her fear was dumb.

The lad grew, and the white foam kissed his feet
 Sporting upon the verge: the green waves laughed
 And smote their hard bright kisses on his lips
 As he swam out to meet them: the whole sea
 Like some strange symbol of the spiritual deeps
 That hourly lure the soul of man in quest
 Of beauty, pleasure, knowledge, summoned him out,
 Out from the old faiths, the old fostering arms of home,
 Called him with strange new voices evermore,
 Called him with ringing names of high renown,
 With white-armed sirens in its blossoming waves,
 And heavenly cities in its westering suns;
 Called him; and old adventures filled his heart,
 And he forgot, as all of us forget,
 The imperishable and infinite desire
 Of the vacant arms and bosom that still yearn
 For the little vanished children, still, still ache
 To keep their children little! He grew wroth
 At aught that savoured of such fostering care
 As mothers long to lavish, aught that seemed
 To rob him of his manhood, his free-will:
 And she—she understood and she was dumb.
 And so the lad grew up; and he was tall,
 Supple, and sunburnt, and a flower of men.

His eyes had caught the blue of sea-washed skies,
And deepened with strange manhood, till, at last,
One eve in May his mother wandered down
The hill to await his coming, wistfully
Wandered, touching with vague and dreaming hands
The uncrumpling fronds of fern and budding roses
As if she thought them but the ghosts of spring.
From far below the golden breezes brought
A mellow music from the village church,
Which o'er the fragrant fir-wood she could see
Pointing a sky-blue spire to heaven: she knew
That music, her most heart-remembered song—

“Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near!”

And as the music made her one with all
That soft transfigured world of eventide,
One with the flame that sanctified the West,
One with the golden sabbath of the sea,
One with the sweet responses of the woods,
One with the kneeling mountains, there she saw
In a tangle of ferns and roses and wild light
Shot from the sunset through a glade of fir,
Her boy and some young rival in his arms,
A girl of seventeen summers, dusky-haired,
Grey-eyed, and breasted like a crescent moon,
Lifting her red lips in a dream of love
Up to the red lips of her only son.
Jealousy numbed the mother's lonely soul,
And, sickening at the heart, she stole away.

Yet she said nothing when her boy returned;
And, after supper, she took down the Book,
Her own dead grandsire's massive wedding-gift,
The large-print Bible, like a corner-stone
Hewn from the solemn fabric of his life—
An heirloom for the guidance of his sons
And their sons' sons; and every night her boy
Read it aloud to her—a last fond link
Frayed and nigh snapt already, for she knew
It irked him. And he read, Abide with us,
For the day is far spent; and she looked at him
Shyly, furtively. With great tears she gazed
As on a stranger in her child's new face.

At last he told her all—told of his love,
And how he must grow wealthy now and make

A home for his young sweetheart, how he meant
 To work upon a neighbour's fishing-boat
 Till he could buy one for himself. He ceased;
 Far off the sea sighed and a curlew wailed;
 A soft breeze brought a puff of wallflower scent
 Warm through the casement. He looked up and smiled
 Into his mother's face, and saw the tears
 Creep through the gnarled old hands that hid her eyes.
 He saw the star-light glisten on her tears!
 He could not understand: her lips were dumb.

Oh, dumb and patient as our mother Earth
 Watching from age to age the silent, swift,
 Light-hearted progress of her careless sons
 By new-old ways to one unaltering doom,
 Through the long nights she waited as of old
 Till in the dawn—and coloured like the dawn—
 The tawny sails came home across the bar.
 And every night she placed a little lamp
 In the cottage window, that if e'er he gazed
 Homeward by night across the heaving sea
 He might be touched to memory. But she said
 Nothing. The lamp was like the liquid light
 In some dumb creature's eyes, that can but wait
 Until its master chance to see its love
 And deign to touch its brow.

Now in those days
 There went a preacher through the country-side
 Filling men's hearts with fire; and out at sea
 The sailors sang great hymns to God; and one
 Stood up one night, among the gleaming nets
 Astream with silver herring in the moon,
 And pointed to the lamp that burned afar
 And said, "Such is that Kindly Light we sing!"
 And ever afterwards the widow's house
 Was called The Cottage of the Kindly Light.

One night there came a storm up from the wild
 Atlantic, and a cry of fierce despair
 Rang through the fishing village; and brave men
 Launched the frail lifeboat through a shawl-clad crowd
 Of weeping women. But, high o'er the storm,
 High on the hill one lonely woman stood,
 Amongst the thunders and the driving clouds,
 Searching, at every world-wide lightning glare,
 The sudden miles of white stampeding sea;

Searching for what she knew was lost, ay lost
For ever now; but some strange inward pride
Forbade her to go down and mix with those
Who could cry out their loss upon the quays.
High on the hill she stood and watched alone,
Confessing nothing, acknowledging nothing,
Without one moan, without one outward prayer,
Buffetted by the scornful universe,
Over the crash of seas that shook the world
She stood, one steadfast fragment of the night;
And the wind kissed her and the weeping rain.

* * * * *

But braver men than those who fought the sea
At dawn tramped up the hill, with aching hearts,
To break her loss to her who knew it all
Far better than the best of them. She stood
Still at her gate and watched them as they came,
Curiously noting in a strange dull dream
The gleaming colours, the little rainbow pools
The dawn made in their rough wet oilskin hats
And wrinkled coats, like patches of the sea.

"Lost? My boy lost?" she smiled. "Nay, he will come!
To-morrow, or the next day, or the next
The Kindly Light will bring him home again."
And so, whate'er they answered, she would say—
"The Kindly Light will bring him home again";
Until, at last, thinking her dazed with grief,
They gently turned and went.

She had not wept.

And ere that week was over, came the girl
Her boy had loved. With tears and a white face
And garbed in black she came; and when she neared
The gate, his mother, proud and white with scorn,
Bade her return and put away that garb
Of mourning: and the girl saw, shrinking back,
The boy's own mother wore no sign of grief,
But all in white she stood; and like a flash
The girl thought, "God, she wears her wedding-dress!
Her grief has made her mad"!

And all that year

The widow lit the little Kindly Light
And placed it in the window. All that year
She watched and waited for her boy's return
At dawn from the high hill-top: all that year

She went in white, though through the village streets
 Far, far below, the women went in black;
 For all had lost some man; but all that year
 She said to her friends and neighbours, "He will come;
 He is delayed; some ship has picked him up
 And borne him out to some far-distant land!
 Why should I mourn the living?" And, at dusk,
 As if it were indeed the Kindly Light
 Of faith and hope and love, she lit the lamp
 And placed it in the window.

The year passed;

And on an eve in May her boy's love climbed
 The hill once more, and as the stars came out
 And the dusk gathered round her tenderly,
 And the last boats came stealing o'er the bar,
 And the immeasurable sea lay bright and bare
 And beautiful to all infinity
 Beneath the last faint colours of the sun
 And the increasing kisses of the moon,
 A hymn came on a waft of evening wind
 Along the valley from the village church
 And thrilled her with a new significance
 Unfelt before. It was the hymn they heard
 On that sweet night among the rose-lit fern—
 Sun of my soul; and, as she climbed the hill,
 She wondered, for she saw no Kindly Light
 Glimmering from the window; and she thought,
 "Perhaps the madness leaves her." There the hymn,
 Like one great upward flight of angels, rose
 All round her, mingling with the sea's own voice—

"Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,—
 Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
 We lose ourselves in heaven above."

And when she passed the pink thrift by the gate,
 And the rough wallflowers by the whitewashed wall,
 And entered, she beheld the widow kneeling,
 In black, beside the unlit Kindly Light;
 And near her dead cold hand upon the floor
 A fallen taper, for with her last strength
 She had striven to light it and, so failing, died.

From a College Window.

PART V.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

THE case of my friend Perry is, I must admit, complicated by the fact that he does add greatly to the happiness of any circle of which he is a member; he is an admirable listener and a sympathetic talker. But if Egeria desires to make a Numa of him, and to inspire him with her own gentle wisdom, let her convince him quietly that he does owe a duty to society, and not censure him before his friends. If Egeria, in her own inimitable way, would say to him that the lives of academical ladies were apt to be dull, and that it was a matter of graceful chivalry for him to brighten the horizon, why, Perry could not resist her. But chivalry is a thing which must be courteously and generously conceded, and must never be pettishly claimed; and indeed I do not want Perry interfered with in this matter: he fills a very peculiar niche, he is a lodestar to enthusiastic undergraduates; he is the joy of sober common-rooms. I wish with all my heart that the conveniences of life permitted Egeria herself to stray into those book-lined rooms, dim with tobacco-smoke, to warble and sing to the accompaniment of Perry's cracked piano, to take her place among the casual company. But as Egeria cannot go to Perry, and as Perry will not go to Egeria, they must respect each other from a distance, and do their best alone.

And, after all, simple, sincere, and kindly persons are apt to find, as Stevenson wisely said, their circle ready-made. The only people who cannot get the friends and companions they want are those who petulantly claim attention;

and the worst error of all consists in mistaking the gentle pleasures of life, such as society and intercourse, for the duties of life, of codifying and formalising them. For myself, I wish with all my heart that I had Perry's power; I wish that those throngs of young men would feel impelled to come in and talk to me, easily and simply. I have, it is true, several faithful friends, but very few of them will come except in response to a definite invitation; and really, if they do not want to come, I do not at all wish to force them to do so. It might amuse me; but if it amused them, they would come; as they do not come, I am quite ready to conclude that it does not amuse them. I am as conscious as everyone else of the exquisitely stimulating and entertaining character of my own talk; it constantly pains me that so few people take advantage of their opportunities of visiting the healing fount. But the fact is incontestable that my talents are not appreciated at their right value; and I must be content with such slender encouragement as I receive. In vain do I purchase choice brands of cigars and cigarettes, and load my side-table with the best Scotch whisky. Not even with that solace will the vagrant undergraduate consent to be doused under the stream of my suggestive conversation.

A humorous friend of mine, Tipton by name, an official of a neighboring college, told me that he held receptions of undergraduates on Sunday evenings. I believe that he is in reality a model host, full of resource and sprightliness, and that admission to his entertainments

is eagerly coveted. But it pleases him to depreciate his own success. "Oh, yes," he said, in answer to my questions as to the art he practised, "a few of them come; one or two because they like me; some because they think there is going to be a row about attendance at chapel, and hope to mend matters; one or two because they like to stand well with the dons, when there is a chance of a fellowship; but the lowest motive of all," he went on, "was the motive which I heard from the lips of one on a summer evening, when my windows were all open, and I was just prepared to receive boarders; an ingenuous friend of mine beneath said to another unoccupied youth, 'What do you think about doing a Tipper to-night?' To which the other replied, 'Well, yes, one ought to do one a term; let's go in at once and get it over.'"

CONVERSATION.

I cannot help wishing sometimes that English people had more theories about conversation. Really good talk is one of the greatest pleasures there is, and yet how rarely one comes across it! There are a good many people among my acquaintance who on occasions are capable of talking well. But what they seem to lack is initiative and deliberate purpose. If people would only look upon conversation in a more serious light, much would be gained. I do not of course mean, Heaven forbid! that people should try to converse seriously; that results in the worst kind of dreariness, in feeling, as Stevenson said, that one has the brain of a sheep and the eyes of a boiled codfish. But I mean that the more seriously one takes an amusement, the more amusing it becomes. What I wish is that people would apply the same sort of seriousness to talk that they apply to golf and bridge; that they should desire to improve their game, brood over their mistakes, try to do better. Why is it that so many people would think it priggish and effeminate to try to improve their talk, and yet think it manly and rational to try to shoot better? Of course it must be done with a natural zest and enjoyment, or it is useless.

What a ghastly picture one gets of the old-fashioned talkers and wits, commit-

ting a number of subjects to memory, turning over a commonplace book for apposite anecdotes and jests, adding dates to those selected that they may not tell the same story again too soon, learning up a list of epigrams, stuck in a shaving-glass, when they are dressing for dinner, and then sallying forth primed to bursting with conversation! It is all very well to know beforehand the kind of line you would wish to take, but spontaneity is a necessary ingredient of talk, and to make up one's mind to get certain stories in, is to deprive talk of its fortuitous charm. When two celebrated talkers of the kind that I have described used to meet, the talk was nothing but a brisk interchange of anecdotes.

There is a story of Macaulay and some other great conversationalist getting into the swing at breakfast when staying, I think, with Lord Lansdowne. They drew their chairs to the fire, the rest of the company formed a circle round them, and listened meekly to the dialogue until luncheon. What an appalling picture! One sympathises with Carlyle on the occasion when he was asked to dinner to meet a great talker, who poured forth a continuous flow of jest and anecdote until the meal was far advanced. Then came a lull; Carlyle laid down his knife and fork, and looking round with the famous "crucified" expression on his face, said in a voice of agonised entreaty, "For God's sake take me away, and put me in a room by myself, and give me a pipe of tobacco!" He felt, as I have felt on such occasions, an imperative need of silence and recollection and repose. Indeed, as he said on another occasion of one of Coleridge's harangues, "to sit still and be pumped into is never an exhilarating process."

That species of talker is, however, practically extinct; though indeed I have met men whose idea of talk was a string of anecdotes, and who employed the reluctant intervals of silence imposed upon them by the desperate attempt of fellow-guests to join in the fun in arranging the points of their next anecdote.

What seems to me so odd about a talker of that kind is the lack of any sense of justice about their talk. They presumably enjoy the exercise of speech, and it seems to me strange that it should

not occur to them that others may like it too, and that they should not concede a certain opportunity to others to have their say, if only in the interest of fair play. It is as though a gourmet's satisfaction in a good dinner were not complete unless he could prevent everyone else from partaking of the food before them.

What is really most needed in social gatherings is a kind of moderator of the talk, an informal president. Many people, as I have said, are quite capable of talking interestingly, if they get a lead. The perfect moderator should have a large stock of subjects of general interest. He should, so to speak, kick-off. And then he should either feel or at least artfully simulate an interest in other people's point of view. He should ask questions, reply to arguments, encourage, elicit expressions of opinion. He should not desire to steer his own course, but follow the line that the talk happens to take. If he aims at the reputation of being a good talker, he will win a far higher fame by pursuing this course, for it is a lamentable fact that, in a lively talk, one is apt to remember far better what one has oneself contributed to the discussion than what other people have said; and if you can send guests away from a gathering feeling that they have talked well, they will be disposed in that genial mood to concede conversational merit to the other participants. A naive and simple-minded friend of my own once cast an extraordinary light on the subject by saying to me, the day after an agreeable symposium at my own house, "We had a very pleasant evening with you yesterday. I was in great form!"

The only two kinds of talker that I find tiresome are the talker of paradoxes and the egotist. A few paradoxes are all very well; they are stimulating and gently provocative. But one gets tired of a string of them; they become little more than a sort of fence erected round a man's mind; one despairs of ever knowing what a paradoxical talker really thinks. Half the charm of good talk consists in the glimpses and peeps one gets into the stuff of a man's thoughts; and it is wearisome to feel that a talker is for ever tossing subjects on his horns,

perpetually trying to say the unexpected, the startling thing. In the best talk of all, a glade suddenly opens up, like the glades in the Alpine forests through which they bring the timber down to the valley; one sees a long green vista, all bathed in shimmering sunshine, with the dark head of a mountain at the top. So in the best talk one has a sudden sight of something high, sweet, serious, austere.

The other kind of talk that I find very disagreeable is the talk of a full-fledged egotist, who converses without reference to his hearers, and brings out what is in his mind. One gets interesting things in this way from time to time; but the essence, as I have said, of good talk is that one should have provoking and stimulating peeps into other minds, not that one should be compelled to gaze and stare into them. I have a friend, or rather an acquaintance, whose talk is just as if he opened a trap-door into his mind: you look into a dark place where something flows, stream or sewer; sometimes it runs clear and brisk, but at other times it seems to be charged with dirt and debris; and yet there is no escape; you have to stand and look, to breathe the very odours of the mind, until he chooses to close the door.

The mistake that many earnest and persevering talkers make is to suppose that to be engrossed is the same as being engrossing. It is true of conversation as of many other things, that the half is better than the whole. People who are fond of talking ought to beware of being lengthy. How one knows the despair of conversing with a man who is determined to make a clear and complete statement of everything, and not to let his hearer off anything! Arguments, questions, views, rise in the mind in the course of the harangue, and are swept away by the moving stream. Such talkers suffer from a complacent feeling that their information is correct and complete, and that their deductions are necessarily sound. But it is quite possible to form and hold a strong opinion, and yet to realise that it is after all only one point of view, and that there is probably much to be said on the other side.

The unhappiest feature of drifting into a habit of positive and continuous talk

is that one has few friends faithful enough to criticise such a habit and tell one the unvarnished truth; if the habit is once confirmed, it becomes almost impossible to break it off. I know of a family conclave that was once summoned in order, if possible, to communicate the fact to one of the circle that he was in danger of becoming a bore; the head of the family was finally deputed to convey the fact as delicately as possible to the erring brother. He did so, with much tender circumlocution. The offender was deeply mortified, but endeavoured to thank his elderly relative for discharging so painful a task. He promised amendment. He sat glum and tongue-tied for several weeks in the midst of cheerful gatherings. Very gradually the old habit prevailed. Within six months he was as tedious as ever; but what is the saddest part of the whole business is that he has never quite forgiven the teller of the unwelcome news, while at the same time he labours under the impression that he has cured himself of the habit.

It is, of course, useless to attempt to make oneself into a brilliant talker, because the qualities needed—humour, quickness, the power of seeing unexpected connections, picturesque phrasing, natural charm, sympathy, readiness, and so forth—are things hardly attainable by effort. But much can be done by perseverance; and it is possible to form a deliberate habit of conversation by determining that however much one may be indisposed to talk, however unpromising one's companions may seem, one will at all events keep up an end. I have known really shy and unready persons who from a sheer sense of duty have made themselves into very tolerable talkers. A friend of my acquaintance confesses that a device she has occasionally employed is to think of subjects in alphabetical order. I could not practise this device myself, because when I had lighted upon, we will say, algebra, archery, and astigmatism, as possible subjects for talk, I should find it impossible to invent any gambit by which they could be successfully introduced.

The only recipe which I would offer to a student of the art is not to be afraid of apparent egotism, but to talk frankly of any subject in which he may be in-

terested, from a personal point of view. An impersonal talker is apt to be a dull dog. There is nothing like a frank expression of personal views to elicit an equally frank expression of divergence or agreement. Neither is it well to despise the day of small things; the weather, railway travelling, symptoms of illness, visits to a dentist, sea-sickness, as representing the universal experiences and interests of humanity, will often serve as points d'appui.

Of course there come to all people horrible tongue-tied moments when they can think of nothing to say, and feel like a walrus on an ice-floe, heavy, melancholy, ineffective. Such a catastrophe is almost invariably precipitated in my own case by being told that someone is particularly anxious to be introduced to me. A philosopher of my acquaintance, who was an admirable talker, told me that on a certain occasion, an evening party, his hostess led up a young girl to him, like Iphigenia decked for the sacrifice, and said that Miss — was desirous of meeting him. The world became instantly a blank to him. The enthusiastic damsel stared at him with large admiring eyes. After a period of agonised silence, a remark occurred to him which he felt might have been appropriate if it had been made earlier in the encounter. He rejected it as useless, and after another interval a thought came to him which he saw might have served, if the suspense had not been already so prolonged; this was also put aside; and after a series of belated remarks had occurred to him, each of which seemed to be hopelessly unworthy of the expectation he had excited, the hostess, seeing that things had gone wrong, came, like Artemis, and led Iphigenia away, without the philosopher having had the opportunity of indulging in a single reflection. The experience, he said, was of so appalling a character, that he set to, and invented a remark which he said was applicable to persons of all ages and of either sex, under any circumstances whatever; but, as he would never reveal this precious possession to the most ardent inquirers, the secret, whatever it was, has perished with him.

One of my friends has a perfectly

unique gift of conversation. He is a prominent man of affairs, a perfect mine of political secrets. He is a ready talker, and has the art, both in *tete-a-tete* as well as in a mixed company, of mentioning things which are extremely interesting, and appear to be hopelessly indiscreet. He generally accompanies his relation of these incidents with a request that the subject may not be mentioned outside. The result is that everyone who is brought into contact with him feels that he is selected by the great man because of some happy gift of temperament, trustworthiness or discretion, or even on grounds of personal importance, to be the recipient of this signal mark of confidence. On one occasion I endeavoured, after one of these conversations, not for the sake of betraying him, but in the interests of a diary which I keep, to formulate in precise and permanent terms some of this interesting intelligence. To my intense surprise and disappointment I found myself entirely unable to recollect, much less to express, any of his statements. They had melted in the mind, like some delicate confection, and left behind them nothing but a faint aroma of interest and pleasure.

This would be a dangerous example to imitate, because it requires a very subtle species of art to select incidents and episodes which should both gratify the hearers, and which at the same time it should be impossible to hand on. Most people who attempted such a task would sink into being miserable blabbers of *tacenda*, mere sieves through which matters of secret importance would granulate into the hands of ardent journalists. But at once to stimulate and gratify curiosity, and to give a quiet circle the sense of being admitted to the inmost penetralia of affairs, is a triumph of conversational art.

Dr. Johnson used to say that he loved to stretch his legs and have his talk out; and the fact remains that the best conversation one gets is the conversation that one does not scheme for, and even on occasions from which one has expected but little. The talks that remain in my mind as of pre-eminent interest are long leisurely *tete-a-tete* talks, oftenest perhaps of all in the course of a walk, when exercise sends the blood coursing

through the brain, when a pleasant countryside tunes the spirit to a serene harmony of mood, and when the mind, stimulated into a joyful readiness by association with some quiet, just and perceptive companion, visits its dusty warehouse, and turns over its fantastic stores. Then is the time to penetrate into the inmost labyrinths of a subject, to indulge in pleasing discursiveness, as the fancy leads one, and yet to return again and again with renewed relish to the central theme. Such talks as these, with no overshadowing anxiety upon the mind, held on breezy uplands or in pleasant country lanes, make the moments, indeed, to which the mind, in the sad mood which remembers the days that are gone, turns with that sorrowful desolation of which Dante speaks, as to a treasure lightly spent and ungratefully regarded. How such hours rise up before the mind! Even now as I write I think of such a scene, when I walked with a friend, long dead, on the broad yellow sands beside a western sea. I can recall the sharp hiss of the shoreward wind, the wholesome savours of the brine, the brisk clap of small waves, the sand-dunes behind the shore, pricked with green tufts of grass, the ships moving slowly on the sea's rim, and the shadowy headland to which we hardly seemed to draw more near, while we spoke of all that was in our hearts, and all that we meant to do and be. That day was a great gift from God; and yet, as I received it, I did not know how fair a jewel of memory it would be. I like to think that there are many such jewels of recollection clasped close in the heart's casket, even in the minds of men and women that I meet, that seem so commonplace to me, so interesting to themselves!

It is strange, in reflecting about the memorable talks I have held with different people, to find that I remember best the talks that I have had with men, rather than with women. There is a kind of simple openness, an equal comradeship in talks with men, which I find it difficult to attain in the case of women. I suppose that some unsuspected mystery of sex creeps in, and that with women there is a whole range of experiences and emotions that one does not share, so that there is an invisible and

intangible barrier erected between the two minds. I feel, too, in talking with women that I am met with almost too much sympathy and tact, so that one falls into an egotistical mood. It is difficult, too, I find, to be as frank in talking with women as with men; because I think that women tend more than men to hold a preconceived idea of one's character and tastes; and it is difficult to talk simply and naturally to anyone who has formed a mental picture of one, especially if one is aware that it is not correct. But men are slower to form impressions, and thus talk is more experimental; moreover, in talking with men, one encounters more opposition, and opposition puts one more on one's mettle.

Thus a *tete-a-tete* with a man of similar tastes, who is just and yet sympathetic, critical yet appreciative, whose point of view just differs enough to make it possible for him to throw sidelights on a subject, and to illumine aspects of it that were unperceived and neglected—this is a high intellectual pleasure, a potion to be delicately sipped at leisure.

But after all it is impossible to say what makes a conversationalist. There are people who seem to possess every qualification for conversing except the power to converse. The two absolutely essential things are, in the first place, a certain charm of mind and even manner, which is a purely instinctive gift; and, in the second place, real sympathy with, real interest in the deuteragonist.

People can be useful talkers, even interesting talkers, without these gifts. One may like to hear what a man of vigorous mind may have to say on a subject that he knows well, even if he is unsympathetic. But then one listens in a receptive frame of mind, as though one were prepared to attend a lecture. There are plenty of useful talkers at a university, men whom it is a pleasure to meet occasionally, men with whom one tries, so to speak, a variety of conversational flies, and who will give one fine sport when they are fairly hooked. But though a University is a place where one ought to expect to find abundance of the best talk, the want of leisure among the present generation of Dons is a serious bar to interesting talk. By

the evening the majority of Dons are apt to be tired. They have been hard at work most of the day, and they look upon the sociable evening hours as a time to be given up to what the Scotch call "daffing," that is to say, a sort of nimble interchange of humorous or interesting gossip; a man who pursues a subject intently is apt to be thought a bore.

I think that the middle-aged Don is apt to be less interesting than either the elderly or youthful Don. The middle-aged Don is, like all successful professional men, full to the brim of affairs. He has little time for general reading. He lectures, he attends meetings, his table is covered with papers, and his leisure hours are full of interviews. But the younger Don is generally less occupied and more enthusiastic; and best of all is the elderly Don, who is beginning to take things more easily, has a knowledge of men, a philosophy and a good-humored tolerance which makes him more accessible. He is not in a hurry, he is not preoccupied. He studies the daily papers with deliberation, and he has just enough duties to make him feel wholesomely busy. His ambitions are things of the past, and he is grateful by attention and deference.

I suppose the same is the case, in a certain degree, all the world over. But the truth about conversation is that, to make anything of it, people must realize it as a definite mental occupation, and not merely a dribbling into words of casual thoughts. To do it well implies a certain deliberation, a certain unselfishness, a certain zest. The difficulty is that it demands a catholicity of interests, a full mind. Yet it does not do to have a subject on the brain, and to introduce it into all companies. The pity is that conversation is not more recognized as a definite accomplishment. People who care about the success of social gatherings are apt to invite an instrumentalist or a singer, or a man with what may be called parlor tricks; but few people are equally careful to plant out two or three conversationalists among their parties, or to take care that their conversationalists are provided with a sympathetic background.

For the fact remains that conversation is a real art, and depends like all other

arts upon congenial circumstances and suitable surroundings. People are too apt to believe that, because they have interests in their minds and can put those interests into words, they are equipped for the pretty and delicate game of talk. But a rare admixture of qualities is needed, and a subtle conversational effect, a sudden fancy, that throws a charming or a bizarre light on a subject, a power of pleasing metaphorical expression, the communication of an imaginative interest to a familiar topic—all these things are of the nature of instinctive art.

I have heard well-informed and sensible people talk of a subject in a way that made me feel that I desired never to hear it mentioned again; but I have heard, on the other hand, people talk of matters which I had believed to be worn threadbare by use, and yet communicate a rich color, a fragrant sentiment to them, which made me feel that I had never thought adequately on the topic before. One should be careful, I think, to express to such persons one's appreciation and admiration of their gifts, for the art is so rare that we ought to welcome it when we find it; and, like all arts, it depends to a great extent for its sustenance on the avowed gratitude of those who enjoy it. It is on these subtle half-toned glimpses of personality and difference that most of our happy impressions of life depend; and no one can afford wilfully to neglect sources of innocent joy, or to lose opportunities of pleasure through stupid or brutal contempt for the slender resources out of which these gentle effects are produced.

I was visited, as I sat in my room to-day, by one of those sudden impressions of rare beauty that come and go like flashes, and which leave one desiring a similar experience. The materials of the impression were simple and familiar enough. My room looks out into a little court; there is a plot of grass, and to the right of it an old stone-built wall, close against which stands a row of aged *Time-trees*. Straight opposite, at right angles to the wall, is the east side of the Hall, with its big plain traceried window enlivened with a few heraldic shields of stained

glass. While I was looking out to-day there came a flying burst of sun, and the little corner became a sudden feast of delicate colour; the rich green of the grass, the foliage of the lime-trees, their brown wrinkled stems, the pale moss on the walls, the bright points of colour in the emblazonries of the window, made a sudden delicate harmony of tints. I had seen the place a hundred times before without ever guessing what a perfect picture it made.

What a strange power the perception of beauty is! It seems to ebb and flow like some secret tide, independent alike of health or disease, of joy or sorrow. There are times in our lives when we seem to go singing on our way, and when the beauty of the world sets itself like a quiet harmony to the song we uplift. Then again come seasons when all is well with us, when we are prosperous and contented, interested in life and all its concerns, when no perception of beauty comes near us; when we are tranquil and content, and take no heed of the delicate visions of the day; when music has no inner voice, and poetry seems a mere cheerful jingling of ordered phrases. Then again we have a time of gloom and dreariness; work has no briskness, pleasure no savour; we go about our business and our delight alike in a leaden mood of dulness; and yet again, when we are surrounded with care and trouble, perhaps in pain or weakness of body, there flashes into the darkened life an exquisite perception of things beautiful and rare; the vision of a spring copse with all its tapestry of flowers, bright points of radiant colour, fills us with a strange yearning, a delightful pain; in such a mood a few chords of music, the haunting melody of some familiar line of verse, the song of a bird at dawn, the light of sunset on lonely fields, thrill us with an inexpressible rapture. Perhaps some of those who read these words will say that it is all an unreal, a fantastic experience of which I speak. Of course there are many tranquil, wholesome, equable natures to whom such an experience is unknown; but it is to me one of the truest and commonest things of my life to be

visited by this strange perception and appreciation of beauty, which gives the days in which I am conscious of it a memorable quality, that seems to make them the momentous days of one's life; and yet again the mood is so utterly withdrawn at intervals, that the despondent spirit feels that it can never return; and then a new day dawns, and the sense comes back again to bless me.

If the emotion which I describe followed the variations of bodily health; if it came when all was prosperous and joyful, and was withdrawn when the light was low; if it deserted me in seasons of robust vigor, and came when the bodily vitality was depressed, I could refer it to some physical basis. But it contradicts all material laws, and seems to come and go with a whimsical determination of its own. When it is with me, nothing can banish it; it pulls insistently at my elbow; it diverts my attention in the midst of the gravest business; and, on the other hand, no extremity of sorrow or gloom can suspend it. I have stood beside the grave of one I loved, with the shadow of urgent business, of hard detailed arrangements of a practical kind, hanging over me, with the light gone out of life, and the prospect unutterably dreary; and yet the strange spirit has been with me, so that a strain of music should have power to affect me to tears, and the delicate petals of the very funeral wreaths should draw me into a rapturous contemplation of their fresh curves, their lovely intricacy, their penetrating fragrance. In such a moment one could find it in one's heart to believe that some ethereal soulless creature, like Ariel of the "Tempest," was floating at one's side, directing one's attention, like a petulant child, to the things that touched its light-hearted fancy, and constraining one into an unsought enjoyment.

Neither does it seem to be an intellectual process; because it comes in the same self-willed way, alike when one's mind is deeply engrossed in congenial work, as well as when one is busy and distracted; one raises one's head for an instant, and the sunlight on a flowing water or on an ancient wall, the sound of

the wind among trees, the calling of birds, take one captive with the mysterious spell; or on another day when I am working, under apparently the same conditions, the sun may fall golden on the old garden, the dove may murmur in the high elm, the daffodils may hang their sweet heads among the meadow-grass, and yet the scene may be dark to me and silent, with no charm and no significance.

It all seems to enact itself in a separate region of the spirit, neither in the physical nor in the mental region. It may come for a few moments in a day, and then it may depart in an instant. I am taking just now what, for the sake of the associations, I call my holiday. I walked to-day with a cheerful companion among spring woods, lying nestled in the folds and dingles of the Sussex hills; the sky was full of flying gleams; the distant ridges, clothed in wood, lay blue and remote in the warm air; but I cared for none of these things. Then, when we stood for a moment in a place where I have stood a hundred times before, where a full stream spills itself over a pair of broken lock-gates into a deserted lock, where the stonecrop grows among the masonry, and the alders root themselves among the mouldering brickwork, the mood came upon me, and I felt like a thirsty soul that has found a bubbling spring coming out cool from its hidden caverns on the hot hillside. The sight, the sound, fed and satisfied my spirit; and yet I had not known that I had needed anything.

That it is, I will not say, a wholly capricious thing, but a thing that depends upon a certain harmony of mood, is best proved by the fact that the same poem or piece of music which can at one time evoke the sensation most intensely, will at another time fail to convey the slightest hint of charm, so that one can even wonder in a dreary way what it could be that one had ever admired and loved. But it is this very evanescent quality which gives me a sense of security. If one reads the lives of people with strong aesthetic perceptions, such as Rossetti, Pater, J. A. Symonds, one feels that

these natures ran a certain risk of being absorbed in delicate perception. One feels that a sensation of beauty was to them so rapturous a thing that they ran the risk of making the pursuit of such sensations the one object and business of their existence, of sweeping the waters of life with busy nets, in the hope of entangling some creature of bright hue and sharp fin; of considering the days and hours that were unvisited by such perceptions barren and dreary. This is, I cannot help feeling, a dangerous business; it is to make of the soul nothing but a delicate instrument for registering aesthetic perceptions; and the result is a loss of balance and proportion, an excess of sentiment. The peril is that as life goes on, and as the perceptive faculty gets blunted and jaded, a mood of pessimism creeps over the mind.

From this I am personally saved by the fact that the sense of beauty is, as I have said, so whimsical in its movements. I should never think of setting out deliberately to capture these sensations, because it would be so futile a task. No kind of occupation, however prosaic, however absorbing, seems to be either favourable to this perception, or the reverse. It is not even like bodily health, which has its variations, but is on the whole likely to result from a certain defined regime of diet, exercise, and habits; and what would still more preserve me from making a deliberate attempt to capture it would be that it comes perhaps most poignantly and insistently of all when I am uneasy, overstrained, and melancholy. No! the only thing to do is to live one's life without reference to it, to be thankful when it comes, and to be contented when it is withdrawn.

I sometimes think that a great deal of stuff is both written and talked about the beauties of nature. By this I do not mean for a moment that nature is less beautiful than is supposed, but that many of the rapturous expressions one hears and sees used about the enjoyment of nature are very insincere; though it is equally true on the other hand that a great deal of genuine admiration of natural beauty is not expressed, perhaps

hardly consciously felt. To have a true and deep appreciation of nature demands a certain poetical force, which is rare; and a great many people who have a considerable power of expression, but little originality, feel bound to expend a portion of this upon expressing an admiration for nature which they do not so much actually feel as think themselves bound to feel, because they believe that people in general expect it of them.

But on the other hand there is, I am sure, in the hearts of many quiet people a real love for and delight in the beauty of the kindly earth, the silent and exquisite changes, the influx and efflux of life, which we call the seasons, the rich transfiguring influences of sunrise and sunset, the slow or swift lapse of clear streams, the march and plunge of sea-billows, the bewildering beauty and aromatic scents of those delicate toys of God which we call flowers, the large air and the sun, the star-strewn spaces of the night.

Those who are fortunate enough to spend their lives in the quiet countryside have much of this tranquil and unuttered love of nature; and others again, who are condemned by circumstances to spend their days in toilsome towns, and yet have the instinct, derived perhaps from long generations of country forefathers, feel this beauty, in the short weeks when they are enabled to approach it, more poignantly still.

FitzGerald tells a story of how he went to see Thomas Carlyle in London, and sat with him in a room at the top of his house, with a wide prospect of house-backs and chimney-pots; and how the sage reviled and vituperated the horrors of city life, and yet left on FitzGerald's mind the impression that perhaps after all he did not really wish to leave it.

The fact remains, however, that a love of nature is part of the panoply of cultivation which at the present time people above a certain social standing feel bound to assume. Very few ordinary persons would care to avow that they took no interest in national politics, in games and sport, in literature, in appreciation of nature, or in religion. As a matter of fact the vital interest that is

taken in these subjects, except perhaps in games and sport, is far below the interest that is expressed in them. A person who said frankly that he thought that any of these subjects were uninteresting, tiresome or absurd, would be thought stupid or affected, even brutal. Probably most of the people who express a deep concern for these things believe that they are giving utterance to a sincere feeling; but not to expatiate on the emotions which they mistake for the real emotion in the other departments, there are probably a good many people who mistake for a love of nature the pleasure of fresh air, physical movement, and change of scene. Many worthy golfers, for instance, who do not know that they are speaking insincerely, attribute, in conversation, the pleasure they feel in pursuing their game to the agreeable surroundings in which it is pursued; but my secret belief is that they pay more attention to the lie of the little white ball, and the character of bunkers, than to the pageantry of sea and sky.

As with all other refined pleasures, there is no doubt that the pleasure derived from the observation of nature can be, if not acquired, immensely increased by practice. I am not now speaking of the pursuit of natural history but the pursuit of natural emotion. The thing to aim at, as is the case with all artistic pleasures, is the perception of quality, of small effects. Many of the people who believe themselves to have an appreciation of natural scenery cannot appreciate it except on a sensational scale. They can derive a certain pleasure from wide prospects of startling beauty, rugged mountains, steep gorges, great falls of water—all the things that are supposed to be picturesque. But though this is all very well as far as it goes, it is a very elementary kind of thing. The perception of which I speak is a perception which can be fed in the most familiar scene, in the shortest stroll, even in a momentary glance from a window. The things to look out for are little accidents of light and colour, little effects of chance grouping, the transfiguration of some well-known and even common-

place object, such as is produced by the sudden burst into greenness of the trees that peep over some suburban garden wall, or by the sunlight falling, by a happy accident, on pool or flower. Much of course depends upon the inner mood; there are days when it seems impossible to be thrilled by anything, when a perverse dreariness holds the mind; and then all of a sudden the gentle and wistful mood flows back, and the world is full of beauty to the brim.

Here, if anywhere, in this town of ancient colleges, is abundant material of beauty for eye and mind. It is not, it is true, the simple beauty of nature; but nature has been invoked to sanctify and mellow art. These stately stone-fronted buildings have weathered like crags and precipices. They rise out of rich ancient embowered gardens. They are like the bright birds of the forest dwelling contentedly in gilded cages. These great palaces of learning, beautiful when seen in the setting of sunny gardens, and with even a sterner dignity when planted, like a fortress of quiet, close to the very dust and din of the street, hold many treasures of stately loveliness and fair association; this city of palaces, thick-set with spires and towers, as rich and dim as Camelot, is invested with a romance that few cities can equal; and then the waterside pleasaunces with their trim alleys, their air of ancient security and wealthy seclusion, have an incomparable charm; day by day, as one hurries or saunters through the streets, the charm strikes across the mind with an incredible force, a newness of impression which is the test of the highest beauty. Yet these again are beauties of a sensational order which beat insistently upon the dullest mind. The true connoisseur of natural beauty acquiesces in, nay prefers an economy, an austerity of effect. The curve of a wood seen a hundred times before, the gentle line of a fallow, a little pool among the pastures, fringed with rushes, the long blue line of the distant downs, the cloud-perspective, the still sunset glow—these will give him ever new delights, and delights that grow with observation and intuition.

I have spoken hitherto of nature as she appears to the unruffled, the perceptive mind; but let us further consider what relation nature can bear to the burdened heart and the overshadowed mood. Is there indeed a *vis medicatrix* in nature which can heal our grief and console our anxieties? "The country for a wounded heart" says the old proverb. Is that indeed true? I am here inclined to part company with wise men and poets who have spoken and sung of the consoling power of nature. I think it is not so. It is true that anything which we love very deeply has a certain power of distracting the mind. But I think there is no greater agony than to be confronted with tranquil passionate beauty, when the heart and spirit are out of tune with it. In the days of one's joy, nature laughs with us; in the days of vague and fantastic melancholy, there is an air of wistfulness, of mystery, that ministers to our luxurious sadness. But when one bears about the heavy burden of a harassing anxiety or sorrow, then the smile on the face of nature has something poisonous, almost maddening about it. It breeds an emotion that is like the rage of Othello when he looks upon the face of Desdemona, and believes her false. Nature has no sympathy, no pity. She has her work to do, and the swift and bright process goes on; she casts her failures aside with merciless glee; she seems to say to men oppressed by sorrow and sickness "This is no world for you; rejoice and make merriment, or I have no need of you." In a far-

off way, indeed, the gentle beauty of nature may help a sad heart, by seeming to assure one that the mind of God is set upon what is fair and sweet; but neither God nor nature seems to have any direct message to the stricken heart.

Not till the fire is dying in the grate
Look we for any kinship with the stars,

says a subtle poet; and such comfort as nature can give is not the direct comfort of sympathy and tenderness, but only the comfort that can be resolutely distilled from the contemplation of nature by man's indomitable spirit. For nature tends to replace rather than to heal; and the sadness of life consists for most of us in the irreplaceableness of the things we love and lose. The lesson is a hard one, that "Nature tolerates, she does not need." Let us only be sure that it is a true one, for nothing but the truth can give us ultimate repose. To the youthful spirit it is different, for all that the young and ardent need is that, if the old fails them, some new delight should be substituted. They but desire that the truth should be hidden from their gaze; as in the childish stories, when the hero and heroine have been safely piloted through danger and brought into prosperity, the door is closed with a snap, "They lived happily ever afterwards." But the older spirit knows that the "ever" must be deleted, makes question of the "afterwards," and looks through to the old age of bereavement and sorrow, when the two must again be parted.



A Salmon of the Black Pool.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

(From *Macmillan's Magazine*.)

MACTAVISH, the gamekeeper, came home the other evening in an excited condition. He had been enjoying a night and day out on the fine stream over which his brother, also a keeper, exercised watch and ward for his master, Lord B. The sea-trout were up, and MacTavish was not the man to neglect them in the prime of their freshness and numbers. He had fished all night and the greater part of the day, and a bag of twenty-three beauties was the result. Of these he brought home only the odd three, weighing two and a half pounds apiece on the average, when relieved of their insides. A dead weight of seven or eight pounds was quite enough for his shoulders in the fourteen-mile walk home over the hills. But he brought with him something else, in his own inside; to wit, a blameable number of drams of whiskey. When he lurched into the byre, where I was contemplating my rod, the whiskey proclaimed itself. "Eh, mon," he exclaimed, "the grand time I've had! There's folks 'ud give their ears for such a night, and, —I'm just thirsting for a wee drip from your bottle."

He clapped me on the shoulder with the words and looked what he was. It was the first time he had displayed such democratic good-fellowship. As the person who rented his parlour and the bedroom with two really spacious windows to it under the thatch, I was, in his wife's opinion, a gentleman of some distinction, whether or not I was a good fisherman, and MacTavish lived in wholesome fear of his wife's prejudices. He had already put me to the challenge

on the subject of his own absorbing passion.

"Are ye a real fisher?" he had asked me once. "Will ye go through fire and water and all the midges in all Scotland's glens putt together to land a bonnie salmon? If ye're no that and just that, ye're nothing by-ordinar', ye ken." And I had hesitated to admit that I merited so sweeping a certificate of character. The midges in our one glen were quite enough to go on with; to say nothing about the atrociously awkward upholstery to certain of the pools. But those drams made the difference to MacTavish. "Let me creep in quiet with you," he suggested, in an earnest undertone. "The wife's that crabbit when I've been awa'. Maybe she'd not like men taking a nip with you."

Well, I gave MacTavish the bottle, not without misgivings, even though he had a physique of wire and steel. And with the glass in his hand he proceeded to tell of the three salmon over and above the twenty-three sea-trout, which had blessed the last four and twenty hours of his life. "They werena by-ordin' great fish, ye ken," he said; "but there was a sixteen-punder, a fourteen-punder, and one of eleven punds. I'm thinking my lord himself wouldn't have minded taking any one of the three; and I didna give more than ten minutes to the bonniest of them. It was the silver doctor that did for them, and, mon, this very night it shall do more still. Wad ye like to see me kill a salmon in the stream here?"

He looked so very tipsy that I attempted to soothe him; I told him he would be much better in bed, having

first yielded to the wifely attentions of Mrs. MacTavish. And then I am sorry to say he was rude about Mrs. MacTavish. If he made up his mind to get a salmon, whether in the forenoon, the evening, or the night, he was not the man to ask his wife's leave—nor his master's either. "I'm here to mind the fishing for my master, ye ken," he said thickly; "but I'm a mon as well as my master, and if I say I'm going to get a salmon, Donald MacTavish is going to get it,—he is that. And it's the silver doctor that'll do it, the same as with those three other bonnie fish. Mon, ye'd have liked fine to see them. It was when day was breaking over the hills and the heaviest didna cost me eight minutes from the time I was into him. Bide a wee and we'll be off together. The light's too strong yet; they'll see us coming. But in half an hour it'll do fine, and it'll be your fish, ye ken. You shall send it to England to your friends; ay, that's how we'll dispose of it, and no word said to a'budy."

He accommodated more whiskey, in spite of protests, and then, in the valour of it, went down boldly to his wife and in boisterous heroic tones told her of his rare sport in the night even as he had told me. The words "Saxteen-punder!—Silver doctor!—Eh, woman, it was a night!" and others drifted up through my floor. And by-and-by his heavy tread shook the pine-panelled stairs while his voice assured Mrs. MacTavish that he was going out and that no powers, supernal nor otherwise, should stop him, and that I was going with him. My parlour lamp was already lit. It was ten o'clock on a midsummer night, and the lamp was barely necessary; but there were heavy clouds over the trees and birch-clad hills beyond my parlour-window, and the stream's bed was densely shrouded with oaks as well as birches and pines and cliffs in places more than a hundred feet perpendicular. It was likely to be dark enough and more for those inky pools which terraced down from the upper glen, linked by falls which roared night and day, wet weather or dry. "Indeed ye shall not go, Mac-

Tavish," urged the wife; and "Indeed, but I will," quoth he. And then he charged into my room, with his wife at his heels, apologising for him. "It's no the silver doctor this time, mon," he cried. "I'm detarmined ye shall have a salmon as big as any I took in the night, and we'll get him with the minnow. Are ye ready?"

Arguments were only an exasperation to him, and Mrs. MacTavish withdrew to her kitchen and the baby, in despair of a sort. "It's not for himself I'm afraid," she said to me, "but it's his insulting conduct to you, sir. He's no himself." That, I assured her, was all right. If she thought taking a salmon at eleven or twelve o'clock at night would reduce MacTavish to a suitably drowsy and exhausted condition for his bed, why we would go for the salmon as an opiate. And almost on that understanding he and I set forth when, with much fumbling and a certain amount of language, MacTavish had fixed the minnow to the stiff, yet not too stiff, fourteen-foot rod which had already done such good execution that day. "Ye'll not breathe a word about it, mon," he whispered tipsily. "There's things it wudna do to get to my master's ear; and I'm weel hated by all the folks here as it is, just because I do what I'm paid for in keeping their cattle bodies off the hills and stopping them at the rabbits."

And then he had done with mere speech for the while. He made like a bull headlong for the woods beyond the meadow patch, lurching in the gloom, with his rod swaying behind him. In and out he wound among the trees, the darkness growing as we came under the shadows of the cliffs. There were polished pine-roots and mossed and slippery stones to be tackled on an incline towards the water which was not comfortable in that less than half light; and the dull gleam of the dark pools beneath, smeared heavily with foam at their beginning and their end, showed through the trellis of dwarfed birch and ash which bowered the water.

In full sunshine I had gone but once hitherto to this particular pool under

MacTavish's careful and sober guidance, and he had then expatiated about the dangers of the path. "Ye'll please to putt your foot there, sir," he had said at intervals. "It's an awful bad spot, and ever since an Edinburgh clergyman that was dooned in it and just bobbed up and doon with the suck, ye ken, so as I thought we'd never get his corp for his wife, poor body, crying her eyes oot on the edge yonder,—ever since, there's no visitor that dares to touch it. It's what folk call a whirlpool. If ye go in ye go under; then ye go roond and roond and get dancit up when it's least expectit, and before a'boddy can get a snatch at ye, ye're doon again. Eh, sir, it's a gey queer spot is the Black Pool. And eighteen-feet deep straight from the edge, just!"

So much for MacTavish's daylight and intelligent appreciation of our pool. But now, at a quarter to eleven at night, in a cloak of confounding gloom, shadows, and midges, with nearer a pint than half a pint of Scotch whiskey in him, he slipped and scrambled obliquely among the pine-roots and the two-inch foot-holes, with never a word of warning for me and, so it seemed, never a care either. And he handled his rod in that uncanny descent like the born artist in fishing that he was; nothing but the second nature which is a kind of genius kept him from emmeshing its point or breaking it among the trees and bushes.

At the bottom of the drop the rocks lay in a sublimely picturesque confusion, studded with bilberry green and birch tufts. A wedge-like peninsula of rock, sharp edge uppermost, protruded towards the cascade, from the other side of which the bank was a red and grey wall, with black firs and oaks studding it, some at a clean right angle out from the rock. The pool itself, perhaps a hundred and twenty yards in area, filled the hollow. I was still many vertical feet from its lip, hanging on to roots and things and sweating with anxiety, heat, and the irritation of the midges, when MacTavish cried up from his perch: "For God's sake mind what ye're aboot. Stay where ye are, or ye'll be in the water. It's the

minnow that's got to do the trick this time," he added, as an inconsequent corollary, with a curious change of tone from the fiercely admonitory to the intimately reflective. And then I sweated with rather more vigour than before as my feet went through a narrow ledge of rotten moss, heather, and bracken roots and I realised that MacTavish's eyes had a wonderful keenness of vision. He had discerned my peril in the nick of time. The black water was underneath me, and but for the strength of the roots in my clutch, I should have gone down like a lead plummet, and made acquaintance, on the instant, with the maelstrom of the Black Pool in which the historic clergyman of Edinburgh had "bobbit up and doon" for hours ere he was gaffed by the aid of two joined broomsticks and dragged to land for the one connubial satisfaction that remained to his widow.

And even while I was taking my bearings, with half a fresh foothold secured and my handhold still good, MacTavish bellowed loud above the crash of the cascade, "I'm into him!" I looked and even in that dim light saw the point of his rod bent like a bow as the reel whirled. The man himself had his feet set on either side of his razor-edge of a perch, his face was outlined faintly against the farther background of cliff, and he bore his head erect and no longer at a tipsy angle. "It's a fish!" he cried up; "mon, it's a fish!" The emphasis he gave to the fish is not to be conveyed by printers' italics. In a minute or less I had swung up and sprawled down, hanging on to roots and bracken at a venture, and got support for back and feet, and from a point some fifteen feet only above the enraptured MacTavish could watch him and his work with a very fair surplussage of energy to devote to admiration of him and the surprising briskness of his success in doing that which he had been determined to do, at no matter what cost.

For a spell the Black Pool echoed with other noises than the thrashing of the water cast back by that unyielding cliff beyond. "Didna I tell ye?" cried MacTavish. "The little minnow's the laddie

for the work! Eh, mon, it's a grand fish! I've had a sight of him and he's a twenty-punder if he's an ounce. Can ye no see how he fetches at the rod! I feel him doon to my very hands, mon. . . . He's dour, but he's a fine fish. I canna stir him." His remarks followed on each other's heels like the bullets of a repeating rifle. To my eyes the Black Pool seemed unconcerned by the adventure going on in its sombre depths, but MacTavish could see the fish whenever he had a mind to do so, until it had got into its dour fit. It rushed about, he said, and it "jumpit" and it came up to ascertain whar kind of a man had hooked him, and tried all the dodges of a fish with the spawning instinct and its own powers vigorous in it; and finally it went to the funnel-shaped bottom of the pool and lay there.

"It kens it's met its master," cried MacTavish. "I'll get it if I die for it, but it's a gey bad spot and theer's no gaff, and how the deevil I'm to work him in and handle him, I'll be damned if I know." My own excitement was less than his, but it was a measurable quantity. "I'll come down somehow," I called to him. "Stay where ye are, mon!" cried he. "I'm telling ye, as sure as death, if ye slip, ye're into it, and there's no soul living'll land you. Dinna fash; leave him to me. I've never lost a fish since I was a laddie, and I'm not going to lose this one. Mon, but he's dour." "Well, then," I responded, "tell me where your gaff is and I'll fetch it." He had a little play with the salmon ere he replied to that. "Ay," he said then, when he had rapidly wiped his face with his coat-sleeve, "ye might do that. The gaff's in the byre, under the roof. It's short of the handle, but I'll do with it. And ye might go to Rob Macgregor and tell him I want him. Eh, but it's a fish. It's eighteen pund, if not twenty. Look at him! Did ye see that?"

Whatever it was to see, I missed it; I was already to the right about, prone on that abominable southern barrier to the Black Pool at its angle of some seventy degrees, the rough foot-holes of which were not even conjecturable in the

darkness. From the top of the bank, which was as welcome as water in a wilderness, I shouted an inquiry, but no answer came. And then I took to the woods and little bogs with the beguiling sweet-gale in them, the mossed rock and the rotten timber of years littering it among the bracken, and made first for the cottage of Rob Macgregor, a tawny-bearded heathen who did not go to the kirk on the Sabbath, but spent the day instead mooning about in his braces with a short pipe in his mouth, and on week-days did a mysterious nothing in particular in support of his lean wife and her six small children. Macgregor's cottage lay rather higher up the glen than MacTavish's. It was not a creditable homestead.

The younger Macgregors were a bare-legged, ill-kempt crew, mixed up when indoors with a company of sly little snapping rough-haired terriers, hens and their broods and half-concealed gins for vermin, the vermin being without a doubt rabbits for the domestic pot. I had ere this suspected the nefarious nature of MacTavish's one acknowledged friend in the village, but he was so much a wild man of the woods and glens in appearance that one could not exactly blame him for his habits.

For once, however, Rob Macgregor was not tempted to exert himself even in misdoing. I tapped twice ere the door opened to show his tawny head and the troubled faces of his offspring behind him. "No," he said, when I told him he was wanted. "I canna come. I'm no that weel. Did ye say he's at the Black Pool, sir?" "Are you coming or aren't you?" I retorted. "Deed and he is not," put in the pinched shrill voice of his wife. "At sic an hour! He has his life to think of, sir. What's MacTavish thinking of himself to be doing sic a rash thing? Ye'll get into your bed, Macgregor." "Ay, I wull," said Macgregor. "And the Lord keep his fit from slipping and sliding, brave man though he is. Ay, there's none kens the glen better than MacTavish, but"—I left him wagging his discreet head and made for our own byre, only to have as bad luck with the gaff as with Robert Macgregor.

My lighted matches aroused the ire of a retriever bitch with a recent pup, the happy survivor of a family of four, the drowned three of which she had not done mourning. Not for much would I have sought the help of poor Mrs. MacTavish herself in that possible middle period of uncertainty whether she was to begin the new day a wife as before or a widow. After all, it did not seem to matter. MacTavish had never yet landed a salmon in the Black Pool. Sober, he had declared the feat impossible; the fish would go round and round and sink to gain fresh strength to go round and round again, and when at its wits' end it would just bolt for the nether fall, and that would be all. Though MacTavish had never yet lost a hooked fish, he was destined to go through the experience. The gaff were only an aggravation of his risks, for how could he get down to the smooth sheer rocks of the basin to do the crowning work without tumbling in, which it were disagreeable to contemplate? On the whole, it were far best, providential indeed, that neither Macgregor nor the gaff were to be at his service.

And so back to him at the trot through the now inky recesses of the wood. Like the salmon, he was not easy to land. Shouts were wasted upon him in that glen of reverberating water-cries, and from my height the pools and cascades in the depths were not distinguishable from each other. I recognised the Black Pool indeed only by the thrill it gave me to stare down at it from its worst bank of all; and then, without time for prudence to get in its protests against that second, all unguided, descent, I made for it. And as before, there were bad steps and slips to it, and it seemed little less than a miracle that I got within twelve feet of the top of MacTavish's head with whole bones.

"Still holding him?" I cried, "Ay," said he, calmly, turning his face towards me for a second only. "Mon, he's like a log. It's a great fish!" "Macgregor won't come and the gaff's not to be found; and now what are you going to do?" I retorted. "Never mind," said he,

"I'll just get him by myself; that's what I'll do. Did ye see the wife?" "I did not," I said. "And look here, MacTavish, don't be a fool. Let your tackle go and come home to her. What's a salmon compared to your life!" The reel sang for a spell, and the stem of the rod quivered to the strain. "I tell ye, sir, I'm getting this fish, or deeing for it," then said MacTavish, with impressive solemnity. "Don't be an ass!" I exclaimed. "Ay," said he, "that's just it. I'm an ass, but I'm a fisher first, ye ken. Could ye reach the rod and hold it and keep your finger feeling the line till I get round a bit at bottom?" "You'll break your neck, man," I said. "Weel then, I'll break it and lose the salmon, if ye're no for helping me," said he.

It was clear that I was to be a partner in his suicide at any rate, if so things were to work out; clear, too, that it were the wiser course to help where I could rather than play the poltroon part of mere spectator. "If you will, you will," I said. "Get on with it then; I'll reach down." "No, no," he cried; "are ye daft, mon? As I tellit ye before, stay just where ye are. It's hollow as a sucked egg under ye. Just keep your head, and I'll keep mine. I doubt we'll lose him when all's done, but he's got me to reckon with yet awhile. Be ready, now; I'm moving."

The rod and his head veered left together. He had to feel his way on the water-polished rim of the basin with its sheer sides to the pool. Probably his practised eyes could see twice as well as mine; but there was still the working of that whiskey in him to handicap him and reduce him to the same level of incapacity as myself in such a duel with the crude, passive forces of Nature in this midnight hour in the glen. I trembled for him, for myself, and the fish; but I gained the rod, and held it with an undevotional kind of prayer that no pressure of fight might be put upon me in my weak, unbuttressed position. It seemed to me that little more than the tug of a six-ounce trout must suffice to disturb my equilibrium and bring me flat-faced upon the rocks or the water, rod

and all. His head disappeared as it passed under me. He spoke no word now, and I spoke none either. The bellying cascade alone spoke,—shouted rather, shouted in derision of our enterprise. And then, in the sanest of murmurs, MacTavish whispered up from the left, "Pass it down quick, if ye're still holding him." It was as difficult to do that, almost, as to view without ruinous emotion the thought of a conflict of any kind with the salmon from my own poised standpoint; but it was managed. "That'll do fine," said MacTavish, as his upstretched hand closed on the rod in mid-air. "My, what a fish! It'll be any weight ye like to name, I'm thinking. And now ye'll see."

I don't suppose I saw the half that there was to see, but I saw enough in the next ten minutes to convince me, if I had needed convincing, that a trained keeper of the glens and moors of Scotland is as different as chalk and cheese from the limp-nerved inhabitant of a town. MacTavish drew towards the one tiny bay of the pool where a fish could anyhow be coaxed in. The sides shelved almost vertically into the water and foothold seemed lacking altogether; but with one arm laced round a wisp of a birch tree, MacTavish looked fairly secure. And thus he fought the fish with the dash and persistency of a Japanese in arms for his country's independence. There were commotions in the sombre corner of the pool farthest from the cascade, and the rod was not so steady now as hitherto; and there were muttered adjectives and oburgations from MacTavish as his feet slid from under him and the fish tried his temper with splendid and increasing stubbornness. It was no time to ask questions, and no time for the warrior to volunteer information to the more or less safe-guarded observer above. But at length the clicking of the reel was the one dominant sound, above even that steady roar of the cascade. The point of the rod fell gradually to the left and MacTavish's head lowered like the point of the rod. He seemed to be a part of the pool in the final stage, and how he

kept from actually merging himself in it in resistance to the phalanx of forces allied against him is one of the mercies of that night. And then a ghostly white shaped gleamed in the water of that bay, gleamed and shot through the air several feet among the rocks clear of the pool; and MacTavish rose erect and triumphant. "Got him!" he cried.

It was enough to raise even whiskey in a teetotaler's estimation to realise by-and-by what this masterful keeper of the glen had done either in the strength of it or in spite of it. He had got one hand down to the fish at the crucial moment, and like lightning for quickness had tailed his captive and jerked it from its temporary home. His boot gave it the coup de grace, and then all was over save our stumble home in an ecstasy of mutual rejoicing on the stroke or so of midnight. After such an achievement without any disaster worth remembering, it was impossible not to agree with MacTavish that he deserved a wee drop more whiskey just to celebrate the victory. His good wife herself didn't seem to mind this ultimate drop in her husband. "Eh, MacTavish," she said, when she had listened to the tale (told with endless circumstantiality), "but I'm glad ye're home again, I am that!" To which MacTavish replied, with a wise rather than an inebriate smile at me: "Ay, ye dinna ken what I'm good for, woman. Me to be beat by a salmon, that never lost a fish since I was a wee laddie? And Macgregor did weel to stay where he was in his bed."

It was a fish of nineteen pounds and some ounces, and duly went to England the next morning. Ere then, however, I had almost had enough of it. MacTavish's voice in the night, still decanting to Mrs. MacTavish about the incidents of the fight, was a trifle too untiring. It came through the pine partitions of the house as freely as the cry of the stream in the glen. And Mrs. MacTavish's now plaintive and now impatient entreaties to him to have done with the salmon and get to sleep were just as plain to hear.

The Table Round.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

I.

"Who draws this sword from out this
stone
Shall rule the realm from sea to sea"—
In lettered gold the legend shone
Well-wrought by Merlin's prophecy.

Brave lords and knights encircled stand
To wield the blade of magic might,
But none of all the noble band
Could loose it from the marble white.

Then Arthur came with modest grace
And drew it forth—the king was found,
Prophet of freedom to the race
And founder of the Table Round.

II.

Long ages pass—the Table Round
Had other knights well known to fame;
No single realm their sway could bound,
The world revered each honored name.

Kit North, De Quincey, Lockhart, Moir,
Hogg, Stephens, Galt and Hamilton,
And Scott who led the minstrel choir,
Sat round the board with Alison.

An heirloom in the center stood
With quaint device: "Who draws this
quill
From out this font of ebony-wood
Shall rule all hearts and realms at will."

Then rose each knight of noble name,
In loving gage gave jeweled ring;
At their behest Sir Walter came
And took the quill—our Wizard King.

Japan's Trade Appeal for World Markets.

(From the Maicho Shimpō, of Yokohama.)

WE have the honor to submit this Commemoration Number of Maicho Shimpō to Emperors, Kings, Presidents, Ministers of State, and general public of foreign countries issued this time to celebrate the restoration of the peace.

It is with the greatest thanks that in our late war with Russia for the sake of humanity and civilization the greatest sympathy was shown us by all the powers, and it is with profound thanks of our Emperor, Imperial Family, Government and the people at large that by the kind intercession of the American President that the honorable and satisfactory peace was restored.

Hereupon the Government and the people are earnest to return the sympathy expressed by foreign powers by developing progressive national policy and stimulating industry as post bellum measures.

Only it is to be much regretted that the present condition and power of this Empire and the feeling of the Japanese people have not been understood by the people of various powers.

Now the our Maicho Shimpō wants to submit to you the following by representing the feelings and idea of the people. We need scarcely say that our little paper is incapable to represent fully and satisfactorily the idea and feelings of Japanese people, but circumstance not allowing us to be silent on the subject we assume upon ourselves the liberty of placing ourselves as mouth organ of the people.

The amount of trade for the last fiscal year received not disastrous effect from the war. Thus the amount of increase was more than that of previous year by 90,000,000 yen, while the total amount of trade reached to 372,000,000 yen.

In export trade, too, the increase reached to yen 31,000,000 over the that of previous year, the total figures being 330,000,000 yen. These figures are not to be compared with those of some of large foreign powers, still this improvement is remarkable considered from the standpoint of this country. Now the following is the returns of import and export for last 48 years:

	Import.	Export.
1863	10,000,000	15,000,000
1869	29,000,000	11,000,000
1870	32,000,000	12,000,000
1871	25,000,000	37,000,000
1872	25,000,000	19,000,000
1873	27,000,000	21,000,000
1874	21,000,000	20,000,000
1875	21,000,000	20,000,000
1876	29,000,000	19,000,000
1877	28,000,000	22,000,000
1878	31,000,000	27,000,000
1879	32,000,000	29,000,000
1880	36,000,000	20,500,000
1881	31,000,000	31,000,000
1882	39,500,000	39,000,000
1883	38,000,000	38,000,000
1884	29,500,000	32,000,000
1885	29,000,000	39,000,000
1886	31,000,000	18,000,000
1887	42,000,000	52,000,000

	Import.	Export.
1888	62,000,000	67,500,000
1889	66,000,000	71,000,000
1890	81,000,000	95,000,000
1891	72,900,000	50,000,000
1892	71,000,000	91,000,000
1895	12,900,000	13,000,000
1896	21,700,000	16,400,000
1898	276,000,000	119,000,000
1899	220,000,000	216,560,000
1900	286,000,000	200,000,000
1901	254,000,000	252,000,000
1902	1,100,000,000	259,560,000
1903	315,000,000	290,000,000

From the above figures it will be seen that import increased by 37 times as compared with that of 1860 and show augmentation by three times even comparing the figures of 10 years ago. The amount of export show also corresponding increase, indicating increase of $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as compared with that of 1868 and double of that of ten years ago. Though these figures prove that trade of the country increased by degrees, yet till about 1890 the improvement was very slow. But the war with China of 1894-5 gave impetus to the trade of the country, which is due to financial circle of this country having become developed, on account of indemnity received from China, as well as trade being carried on smoothly from greater credit obtained in foreign countries.

Also due to greater activity shown by the Special Bank the credit of the Japanese with foreign banks have increased. The introduction of foreign capitals observed about this time as well as greater exertion made for export of Japanese goods while export made of manufactured goods to China and other Oriental countries by getting materials from America and Europe contributed also to this prosperous condition. The extension of railway lines, starting of various enterprises and increase of the navy and army tended all toward the development of financial market.

The present war with Russia did not give any blow upon of this country, but resources of this country is steadily in-

creasing. It is true there are some which had suffered from the war, but then it is made up with increase on the other.

Now as the result of war with Russia the Japanese empire has taken upon herself responsibility of conducting administration in Korea and Manchuria while the southern half of Saoghalien must be colonized.

The revenue of Japanese Government at ordinary time is 65,000,000 yen to 70,000,000, but on account of it being needed for stimulation of industry and colonization it would not do unless the revenue be increased to over 150,000,000 yen. Then being necessity of making good this deficiency, there is necessity of developing the resource of this Empire.

The people must make still more effort for fostering the resources of the country, and though commerce of the country had made great progress since the conclusion of the war with China. But after the present war far more splendid progress will be made. So it is beyond doubt that within three years the trade of this country will reach to 2,500,000,000 yen and may advance to 2,500,000,000 within 10 years.

The Government and people of this country are making projects taking this circumstance into consideration to improve the harbor of Yokohama, Kobe and others so as to provide for the increased trade.

Further the sympathy of the world, the floating of loan and introduction of foreign capital is facilitated, thus smoothing the financial market and helping greatly the activity of commercial and industrial circle.

Now as to the projects to be undertaken as post bellum measures and what the people are going to supply and demand, these are extension of railway, development of electrical enterprises, shipping industry, enlargement and establishment of commercial and industrial firms while import of iron, machinery and other materials will increase greatly.

Also the import of American flour and foreign rice will increase year by year, and so will demand arise also for foreign

furniture, foreign cloths and general fancy articles.

To compensate for these large imports the people will try for export of raw silk, and as also habutae and other silk goods will be stimulated, so that demand of foreign people will be filled very satisfactorily.

The tea market seems to have shaken off its stupor now, while attention of foreign people seems to have been directed for last two or three years to porcelain, lacquer ware and other articles, so that there seems to be full prospect of an important place for them in export from this country.

The fishing industry in Saoghalien will prove a profitable export to South China and other countries.

The spinning industry will also reach to considerable amount by increased export to China, while materials are depended upon from China, India and the United States.

At first supply of coal was depended upon foreign countries for greater part of demand, but at present beside Kyushu and Hokkaido coal there have been found several coal mines. In addition to that, now mining industry at Manchuria will contribute toward increase of export from this country.

The refining industry of sugar having been developed of late, it may come to be worth while, should the Government undertaking in Formosa prove successful.

* * * * *

However, the Japanese nation feel grateful for the sympathies expressed in our late struggle with Russia, we shall labor ourselves to supply the of the world with good and cheap articles which shall welcomed by all.

When the country was first opened to trade those engaged were ignorant and lacked funds, while foreigners who opened from in this country were chiefly those who got fortune by presence of Japanese people. This brought about conflict of interest between them, and, both parties not understanding each other well, transaction was often made with doubt and suspicion. The result of such circumstance is that the character of Japanese was misunderstood and true worth of Japanese people was not known abroad.

* * * * *

The development of this country means that of the Oriental countries in general, which would contribute also to the happiness of the world at large.



An Oil Country Romance.*

By BUSHWOOD BUEHL.

IT was the time of idle midday in Oleopolis. The principal personages of the boom oil town's daily dramatic life were assembled in "Nitro Harry's" floating barroom down by the river. Through the doorways set in either end of the flat-bottomed, roofed houseboat the hills rising in insistent green loftiness could be seen. The shore to which the boat was tethered made an ascent by easily sloping hillocks until it stood near to a thousand feet in the air. Upon a clear space crowning one of the lesser hills was set a series of red iron oil tanks, gigantic cylinders, whose outlines quaintly added rather than detracted from the picturesque. Between these hills the Allegheny, the width of a pistol shot in calculating hands, glided its even way, reflecting in its green depths the prevailing tone of hill and countryside.

Along a natural shelf of the river, at the base of the less precipitous hill, was set a single row of ugly structures, half tent, half booth, where Oleopolis's founders and present proprietors dwelt. Facing the river was the Oleopolis Hotel, a two-storied structure built from the waste timber brought down by the river, whose meager accommodations were eagerly sought at the current rate of sixteen dollars a day. Adjoining it under a tent was the dining room whose principal decoration was a large sign announcing to a skeptical public "Pie for Dinner Today."

Back from the street and away from the river were houses of a better sort, the homes of that part of Oleopolis's

population which had been permanent before the discovery of oil, possibly half a dozen families. Floating in the river near "Nitro Harry's" bar were the barges and steamboats used in transporting the barrelled crude oil as it came from the wells.

Inside the boat-bar the noontime discussion turned to politics and the county election, in which such of the dwellers in Oleopolis as had declared their residence would be allowed to participate.

"I'll tell youse right now," said Nitro Harry, as he set a fresh round upon the bar, "none of youse fellows that is candidates 'll do fur sheriff."

Bill Hawkins, the Republican nominee, in oil soiled jeans, laid a greasy hand emphatically on the bar.

"I'd like to know why not," he demanded; "I fur one treats the boys all right. I'm setting 'em up now."

Harry paused, whisky bottle poised.

"I'll tell yer why," he said, staring fixedly at Hawkins; "I'll tell yer why. It's got to be a man that ain't thought of now; mebber a dark horse. It's got ter be a man that's agin vice."

A roar of laughter swept through the room, in which sleek speculators from New York, gamblers from Chicago and native-bred oil men joined.

"Vice?" echoed the gambler favored by the Democrats for the office, "What do you call this?"—tapping significantly the whisky glass before him.

"Now you look a-here," returned the barkeeper; "none of you fellers can ever say ye took harm in my place. It's

* Copyrighted, 1906, by Bushwood Buehl.

clean and well kept. But there's too many bars in this town.

"It's gettin' so any bloke from Reno or Franklin can come in here an' open up, an' get patronage too. One bar's enough—more'n enough. Too many breeds death an' destruction."

Bill Hawkins nudged the booted stranger standing near the end of the bar.

"Harry's gettin' ready for his annual change of heart," he said; "it's 'bout due now."

Seeing the other's uncomprehending stare, he added:

"'Bout onct a year Harry's conscience gets too strong fur him. He sells out his bar stock at cost an' turns his boat into a camp meeting."

Tuttle, the gambler nominee, was now ordering that each man should be given his liquid desire, when Bart Tilden, one of the town's original inhabitants, entered. He surveyed the company and smiled broadly.

"At it again, eh?" he drawled to Tuttle and Hawkins, "tryin' ter prove at ther bar which is fittest fur sheriff."

"It doesn't require proof," answered Tuttle; "I am undoubtedly the only logical candidate."

"You is, eh? Now what'd ye do if ye was elected sheriff? What'd ye do fur the people?" questioned Tilden.

"Run her wide open and give fair play to all," he said.

With a movement of disgust Tilden turned to Hawkins.

"Bill," he began, slowly, "suppos'n you wuz sheriff an' there wuz an ice gorge in the river. 'Suppos'n it was coming down slowly an' there wuz two tons of nitro-glycerine on top of it. Suppos'n that nitro wuz headed fur this town an' 'ud blow us up unless you saved us. What'd you do?"

For a moment Hawkins, whom whisky had warmed, stared before him, visions of glorious deeds coming too speedily upon him for utterance.

"What's nitro—nitro-glycerine?" asked the stranger during a lull so that all heard.

Tilden faced the speaker.

"What's nitro, young feller?" he said;

"Bill there knows what it is all right, don't yer, Bill? Nitro, it's hell condensed."

"It's an explosive liquid we use for cleaning out wells," a speculator told the stranger.

"Well, Bill, what'd ye do?" again demanded Tilden.

The Republican nominee swayed unsteadily, while he waved his glass.

"What'd I do? What'd I do?" he shouted, "Why, I am brave man—very brave man—brave Bill Hawkins—I'd ride on hossback like hell to the place where the nitro wuz, 'fore it got there—'fore it got here. An' then, by gobb, I'd blow her up harmlessly afore she got here, and—" Bill here passed into a vision in which he saw the deed accomplished—"and then I blew her up, even though I wuz in danger of my life all the time. Didn't care 'bout that. I wanted to save you boys. I done—I done it—s'lep me God—I done it. An' you oughter seen the ice fly when I shot into the nitro with my rifle. Here, everybody drink luck to that brave man, Sheriff Hawkins."

The crowd was pleased. Shouts for the potential bravery of the Republican nominee resounded through the open door, until they struck the cliff opposite, where echo mockingly flung them back.

"Hawkins stampeded them, the tide's against us," the Democratic county chairman whispered to Tuttle.

In the midst of the general uproar a speculator sought out Tilden.

"Bart," he demanded, "will you sell me that tank of yours on the hill?"

Tilden considered a moment.

"Cer'n'ly," he responded, "if I gets my price."

"How much?"

"Well, there's pretty nigh to 50,000 barrels of oil in it. Oil's ten dollars a barrel. Let ye have it fur one million dollars. No more, no less."

Barry the speculator gasped.

"A million; why it's only worth \$500,000!" he exclaimed.

"That's my price."

Tuttle, who had overheard the snatch of conversation, observed:

"A million! That's just a figure he's got in his mind. He don't know its meaning."

"Guess not," said Barry shortly.

"Don't want it, hey?" said Tilden, turning away as with the same movement he faced the stranger. "Say, young fellow, who'd you elect fur sheriff?"

The company turned to the position occupied by the stranger. They saw a young man of vigorous athletic frame, booted like the rest, but, unlike them, shaved and neat in dress. He was plainly not a native oil man.

"Who'd I elect for sheriff? Well, gentlemen, that's rather a hard question for a newcomer to decide offhand," he answered, "but I think I'd elect the man who, in my judgment, would be most likely to do the most and the best in a time of public need."

The adherents of both candidates beat the bar with bottles and glasses.

"That's our man," they shouted.

In a corner of the room Bill Hawkins continued the recital of his exploits at the imaginary explosion of Tilden's imaginary dynamite. As the noon hour was approaching its close the bar of Nitro Harry began to lose its patrons. As Tuttle, walking up the beach toward the town in advance of the others, came to a slight elevation, he saw a goat belonging to a driller advancing angrily upon him. In an instant he snatched up a large stone and held it poised for a bow.

From the floor of a derrick on the hillside above came a warning cry.

"Drop that stone, Dan, the goat there is full of nitro-glycerine," the driller shouted.

The crowd down below Tuttle heard and understood.

"What?" came from Tuttle in terror as he dropped the stone.

"I left two quarts of the stuff on the floor here. When I was away he drank it all. Keep away from him, he'll explode."

The men on the beach stood fixed to their places, staring in wild fascination at the goat—a living torpedo ready to

explode and bring death to whomsoever he touched.

Moderating his pace Dan still continued to advance upon the helpless and speechless Tuttle, when, turning his head, he found something to distract him. Wheeling abruptly the goat passed into Oleopolis's main street.

Tilden turned to the two candidates.

"Now's yer time ter show which is fit," he cried; "here's a great public danger. What're ye goin' to do 'bout it?"

Cautiously the crowd ascended the hill to the town proper. Here, the status of the goat being speedily understood, was wild confusion. The citizens had abandoned the town in a rush for the hills. Untrammelled and unchecked the goat paraded slowly and impressively up and down the street. As for a third time he neared the Oleopolis Hotel the fat cook, with a frying pan in either hand, leaped through the window and ran up the hill. Something about the white figure seemed to attract the goat, for in an instant he was in pursuit. In a wide semi-circle on the sloping hillside the cook rushed, still followed relentlessly by Dan.

Once the danger was removed from themselves the men of Oleopolis began to appreciate with a rude humor the situation. Bets were freely offered and taken as to the winner in the race which could only mean death to one or both of the contestants.

"Stop and feed him one of those beef-steaks of yours," shouted Tuttle, "they'll kill most anything."

Then turning to the crowd he added:

"I've got fifty dollars that says the goat wins."

"Taken," shouted Barry.

Of a sudden the attention of the company fastened itself upon the cleared space just above the scene of the cook's efforts. There close by the iron oil tanks a girlish figure clad in deep scarlet appeared. All unknowing of the danger below the girl walked nearer the edge of the hill. Then catching sight of the still circling cook and goat she paused, laughing at what seemed to her the cook's trivial danger.

"It's Tilden's gal," some one in the watching circle groaned.

Instantly warning shouts were flung at the girl:

"Back, he'll kill you."

"Don't let him see you."

"He's loaded."

Perhaps it was the cries, or perhaps only the volatile spirit of Dan; a moment more and he was charging full speed up the hill. The girl, still unconscious that she was running more than the ordinary danger of a blow from Dan's head, stepped back to the oil tank, until she reached a pipe box at its base. Its top placed her out of danger from direct contact with Dan.

In a moment the crowd which had laughed at the cook's danger became grave. The danger to the girl and to themselves was apparent. Should the goat strike the box on which the girl was standing the resulting explosion would destroy the girl and set fire to the tanks. The burning oil overflowing its confines would sweep down in a torrent upon the town and themselves. Such had been the action of burning oil before this.

"I'm glad I didn't buy that tank of Tilden," muttered Barry, "nothing can save it now."

As each man stared at his neighbor hoping for the relief he knew was impossible, Bart Tilden glared at the two candidates.

"That's my daughter. Can't you two do something?" he said brokenly.

Nearer and nearer the goat approached the girl. Its pace was not so quick now since it was laboring heavily up the last steep ascent.

CRACK!

The crowd started, turning abruptly about. A pistol gave off a blue vapor in the young stranger's hand. Every eye turned to the goat. Unharmed it was still climbing the hill.

CRACK!

The earth to the right of the goat was disturbed. Dan was but a few yards from the girl.

CRACK!

There was a muffled explosion and then no goat, only a yellow-blue haze.

The stranger bounded up the hill in advance of the crowd below. Ironically he bowed as his eye sought for a bit of the exploded goat. Finally he caught sight of a piece of horn, all that was visible of Dan. He stooped, picked it up, and with a low bow offered it to the girl standing on the boxtop.

"Permit me, Miss Tilden, to offer you this slight testimonial of your late danger," he murmured satirically.

The next moment, when he found himself looking into a pair of the deepest, truest blue eyes, set under wild curling hair, eyes in which there was a vague hurt, he regretted his satirical speech.

"You're a hero," she said, "you're a hero—but your shootin's rotten."

He said:

"Will you forgive me for what I said just now. I didn't know——"

"What?"

"That your eyes were so blue," he added inconsequentially, as she blushed.

The citizens of Oleopolis were now advancing in compact array.

"The goat was full of nitro," Tuttle explained to the girl, "but I drove him away from the boat."

"I thought so when I saw him go up." "Poor Dan," she added.

Bill Hawkins pushed forward.

"We a' liked to have done something fur you, but we just clean forgot our guns."

"He didn't forget," said the girl, pointing a finger at the stranger, "an' he's the rottenest shot of any of you. What's yer name?"

"Sam Kent," he replied, as a pang shot through him at her manner of speech.

Still keeping to her elevated station upon the pipe box she flashed upon the politicians blazing eyes.

"You men wuz down at Harry's bar discussin' who wuz most fit fur sheriff, I suppose?" she jerked out.

"We wuz," said Hawkins, 'a'n' we decided on me."

"You"—the girl's eyes pierced him—"you, you good-fur-nothin', lazy loafer—and you, Hank Tuttle—you needn't laugh—you're all a pack of gamblin' drinkers. Yer fit fur nothin', leat it's the river bot-

tom. The man fur sheriff is not you, Bill Hawkins, nor you, Hank Tuttle. It's him!" The girl perked an arm fiercely toward Kent.

"HIM!"

"Yes, him. He's a good enough dark horse fur any of ye. He's the only man in the hull crowd that's acted with coolness in a time ov danger. Sam Kent's the next sheriff ov Venango county."

"But I am the regular nominee of the Democratic party," shouted Tuttle.

"And me of the Republican," added Hawkins.

"Never mind that. Run Sam Kent independent an' lect him."

In an instant the crowd had caught the spirit of her words. Hawkins and the protesting Tuttle were forced to the rear, while high on the shoulders of grimy oilmen Sam Kent, the independent candidate, was carried in joyous parade through Oleopolis's single street.

And it all fell out as the girl had ordered. The story of Sam Kent's exploit ran through Venango county on willing tongues.

No little irregularities of residence were permitted to stand as obstacles. The followings of Tuttle and Hawkins speedily deserted their candidates. When the vote was polled Kent easily led.

When the office was given over to him Kent found engrossing occupation for some months in straightening out the tangled conditions brought about by his predecessors. In that time he thought often of the girl to whom he owed his election as sheriff, he realized, even more than to his own act in destroying Dan, the living torpedo.

He was troubled in his thoughts of Helena Tilden. He loved her, he knew, but should he, a college bred man, rapidly acquiring a competence in oil property, and prepared to open a law office as well once he was no longer sheriff, marry an untutored product of Oleopolis? Would it not be an unhappy match for them both, even providing she were willing?

"Her name is Helena," he mused, "and perhaps all else about her is equally in bad taste."

At the end of the fourth month he was

determined. It might be unfortunate for them both, she might be both untutored, but he could not be happy without her. Bart Tilden he met on the street.

"How is your daughter?" he asked.

Bart surveyed him critically.

"She is well," he said, coolly.

"Guess I'll run up to see her to-night," Kent ventured.

"You'll have to run quite a ways then."

"Why?"

"She's visiting in Franklin."

"Oh," said Kent, and passed on.

A month later the news went about the town that Helena Tilden had returned. That night the sheriff of Venango county donned his best suit of clothes. In spite of his early training Kent realized that his life among men alone had coarsened him to a degree. He felt awkward in the finery the long unused bottom of his trunk had yielded.

"This suit's several years behind the style," he reflected, "but I guess it'll do for the belle of Oleopolis."

At the Tilden house Bart met him.

"Yes, she's to hum and alone," the father said, opening the door of a room near the front of the house.

From a far corner of the room where stood a divan covered with a Turkish fabric a dainty vision arose to greet Kent. Helena Tilden was becomingly attired in some soft stuff that Kent felt must be at least three months in advance of the fashion. In perfect English she greeted him. Taken aback as he was Kent could not converse as easily as was his custom. The girl bore the burden of the conversation. Finally he could endure repression no longer.

"I love you," he blurted out.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Helena, I can't tell you how much, but I love you. I can't live without you, and I want you to be my wife."

Kent was not so sure of her assent as he had been in all his musings of her, now that he stood watching her cool scrutiny of him.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Kent, that you want me to be your wife?" she said, incisively.

"Yes," came trembling from Kent's lips.

"You, a rising man, a lawyer and sheriff of Venango county, want me, an uneducated girl, to be your wife."

"I want you."

"Why, think of it! What an honor for poor me!"

She added mockingly:

"Why, look a-here, man, I kin scarcely speak the language. What d'ye want me fur a wife fur?"

"Oh, Helena, don't. I love you. I've paid you the highest compliment I could."

Helena was silent a moment. Then:

"Well, Mr. Kent, I must decline this honor, to offer which doubtless you have debated long as to my fitness for the position. No, I won't marry you."

Understanding nothing of what she was saying, save that she was denying him, Kent, blinded and dazzled by the new light he had seen, groped his way toward the door. A great revelation was upon him. The girl had fathomed his doubts. She was neither uneducated nor a fool.

His eyes saw as a chaotic mass the quaint decorations on the wall, all the handiwork of a tasteful woman. Suddenly out of their tangled mass of color one object came to his attention. With an effort he focussed his staring wide

open eyes upon it. It was the bit of goat's horn he had given her upon that day—with the ironical words. Underneath it upon its mounting card was written in a girl's hand, "Cupid, the Goat!"

His mind cleared itself in an instant. As a strong, forceful man he was back at her side.

"Helena, Helena," he said, "what does that mean?"

Helena looked down.

"Oh, that—that—I didn't know it was here. It means——"

"You love me, Helena?"

He took her unresisting hands now.

"Yes," she breathed softly.

* * * * *

Later, when Helena and Kent had settled their future, the sheriff asked:

"Why, Helena, did you use the speech you did? Why did you try to make me think you were uneducated?"

The girl answered:

"I spoke to the men in the manner that would appeal the strongest to them. And—and——"

"Yes?"

"I wanted you to love me for my own self, and not for—for—the goat's," she answered.



The Editor's Miscellany.

WHILE the masters of imaginative literature are the confessors of those who acknowledge their title to what Mathew Arnold termed "sweetness and light," the idealism of many a modest literary taste is sufficient to show its possessor that contemporary fiction is often merely a form of mental reaction. Love of style is not catholic in the audience of literary workers. The manner of telling a story was for long secondary to the story itself, and now it would often seem that both manner and story had yielded first to analysis of individual character and latterly to sociological treatment of movements. That psychology has captured the story writer and the story reader for the time may be granted so soon as one stops to realize that a scrutiny of emotions and deeds, rather than their portrayal, is the vogue. Mammon and democracy have demonstrated their ascendant fortunes to an extent to which native pessimism would point in justification of itself. It was Mr. Walter Sichel, writing in the "Fortnightly Review" three years ago on some present day phases of fiction, who contended that society, once an elite, was become a miscellany; that under a democratic bias the thirst for sensation, excitement and distraction was widespread, and that, as for intellectual bohemia, no longer was it the "jolly neutral ground of irresponsibility."

* * *

So far has the pendulum in story writing swung that the demand for the human element, the impression of personality, makes itself counted even in discussions of poetry to the detriment of the impersonal lyric, a style described

by Mr. R. G. T. Coventry as "without human aspiration, without desire or regret, fugitive and elusive as the beauty of a dream." Nor is Mr. Coventry free from the spell of personality, despite his seeming comprehension of the essence of sheer beauty. Under the heading, "What Makes the Perfect Lyric?" he has this to say in the columns of the "Academy" of London:

"A poet must be a man first, and a poet afterwards, if he is to make a bid for immortality. For a poet is only a man who can express more sweetly and forcibly than his fellows that which they also see and feel. In most of our finest lyrics the humanity of the poet is the dominant note, the note which gives them their peculiar charm and sweetness. And this is true not only of those lyrics which are concerned with the passions of the heart, but also of those which seek to portray the beauties of nature. Indeed, Sir Joshua Reynolds confessed himself unable to discover any charm in a landscape picture from which the human element was absent. So, a mere catalogue of the beauties of nature without reference, direct or indirect, to the influence of those beauties on the writer's heart or mind has the same unsatisfying effect as would the painted scenery of a play without actors. . . . And—to take Wordsworth first, to whom nature never spoke or looked with the voice and eyes of hopeless passion or disappointed love, but who regarded her rather as a child does its mother—it is impossible to find among his greater lyrics one wherein the human note is not predominant. For in him the meanest flower could awaken thoughts too deep for tears. He regard-

ed nature as the symbol of all that is pure and sweet and undefiled. The voice of the cuckoo was as the voice of immortal youth, the dance of the daffodils an inward and abiding bliss, a flower's purity touched an infinite pathos."

* * *

In what may be an effort to shun the peril of impersonality, Mr. Robert Bridges has employed a variety of metrical invention that is a recurrent reminder of the broken prose of Walt Whitman. Yet Mr. Bridges paid a tribute to the allegiance of rhythm to lyrical beauty when he wrote some of the lines in "The Second Part of Nero." For example, in the mouth of Petronius is to be found this speech:

You little think
What charm the witching night hath for
her lovers:
How her solemnity doth deepen thought,
And bring again the lost hellenic Muse
To sing from heaven: or on moonlit
 wards
Of fancy shadows in transfigured scene
The history of man.—Thus, like a god,
I dwell; and take the early morning cries
For calls to sleep; and from divinity
Fall to forgetfulness, while bustling day
Ravages life; and know no more of it,—
Your riot and din, the plots and crimes of
Rome,—
Than doth a diver in Arabian seas,
Plunging for pearls beneath the lonely
blue:
But o'er my slumbering head soft airs of
dreamland
Rock their wild honey-blooms, till the
shy stars
Once more are venturing forth, and I
awake.

* * *

Ideals are often best protected from the tarnish of decadence by recurring to the pages of sane and sincere writers-militant, whose work is finished save in the lasting effect of its influence on following generations of readers. A spur to the revival of past literary intimacies is ever to be found in the appearance of concise, clever and sound biographies of men of letters. Mr. Ferris Greenslet in his "James Russell Lowell" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has rendered this sort of service. The volume is more than a sketch of the poet, abolitionist, professor, editor, critic and diplomat, whom the

biographer at the close of the volume in a departure from his philosophical attitude pronounces dogmatically "the first true American Man of Letters." Of the unity in variety of Lowell's nature Mr. Greenslet says:

"Psychologically, with his visions and his recurrent disturbing sense of secondary personality, he was undoubtedly highly complex. So was he, also, temperamentally, with his conflicting inherited impulses toward idleness and action. He was complex and subtle in his intellect, with its vast variety of mental furniture, its odd irrelevancies, its unstable union of skepticism and faith. All these diverse qualities went to make up a 'myriad-minded' humanist, who had in his own phrase something of the 'multanimous nature of the poet' and longed for many lives and many careers. Yet, air-spun as the distinction may seem, the complexity in Lowell was only in his psychology, temperament, intellect; his character was all the while simple and sincere."

In his critical estimate of Lowell as a poet Mr. Greenslet narrowly avoids calling his hero "The American Wordsworth," and then proceeds happily:

"None other was so sensitive to impalpable impulses from vernal woods, or found so readily spiritual food in the 'balancing of a yellow butterfly over a thistle bloom.' But there was in Lowell's love of nature something of a pagan sensuousness that marks a difference. He 'was born,' he writes, 'to sit on a fence in the sun,' he felt the earth 'thrill under his feet,' in a way that one suspects even Wordsworth was not very familiar with. Hence came a lack of the high imaginative unity of spiritual preoccupation that is the secret of power in Wordsworth. But hence came, too, that smack of native earth, that echo of bird songs, that make so many lines of Lowell's poetry cling to American memories with the keen freshness and fragrance of a New England spring."

In the Market Place.

RUSSIA, radicalism and revolution—these three words encompass all the events which for the past month have held the anxious attention of the entire civilized world. Probably nowhere has the whirling current of history been watched with graver fears and deeper—because more personal—interest than in the world of finance. To gauge the effect on the world's business of a political and social revolt lies not in the daily routine of business life, and the wonder is that the uproar in Russia has not had a more disturbing effect on the security markets. So far there is to be recorded only a pronounced weakness in Russian government bonds, a substantial rise in the price of petroleum, and great strength in the grain markets of the world. The last two results have proved of great benefit to the United States, while the first has not yet had time to exercise any adverse influence on the course of the security markets. This does not, however, mean that some such influence will not ultimately threaten the general financial structure. There is grave doubt that the Romanoffs will be able to hold the throne and Witte's noblest efforts to prevent a breaking of the ties that bind the empire together may be in vain. In such an event the value of a Russian security would scarcely exceed that of the bonds issued by the Southern States in the ante-bellum days. There are \$2,000,000,000 of these Russian bonds held by French investors, and it is self-evident that such a vast investment could not be wiped off the slate without causing a terrible panic, not only in the

money markets, but in the business world at large.

* * *

It may be odious to draw a comparison between the revolution in the dominions of the Czar, stalking as it does through the land with hands blood red from the slaughter of innocents, and the peaceful uprising of the people in the United States, covering as it did with snow white shroud the bodies of a dozen political "bosses," but the fact is that the two events are different mainly in degree. They are distinct expressions of a deep dissatisfaction with existing conditions, the one a lawful and peaceable but none the less deadly rebuke to the despotic methods of political and financial powers and the other an avowedly militant demonstration against despotism of the same kind to the tenth power. In the United States, as in Russia, the revolt was neither hasty nor ill prepared, but rather deliberately entered into after years of preparation and pioneer work by the writers of the press, daily and periodical.

In our own security market also the rising against the "bosses" on election day has had an effect exactly parallel to the effect of the Russian revolution on the bourses of Berlin and Paris. The stocks of those corporations, which were most likely to suffer because of a change in the political control, were the weakest. On the New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other stock exchanges, indeed, the result of the election had a more immediate influence than the occurrences abroad. The reason is not so much that this man was elected or that man de-

feated, but rather that the elections clearly demonstrated that the people have made up their mind to stop political and financial corruption (the two go hand in hand). It is an unfortunate fact that the very events which were hailed with joy and satisfaction by every sincere believer in the purity of politics as a necessary preliminary to the continued success of the republic were looked upon with ill-concealed displeasure in Wall street. The financial community has no "foolish" ideals, and it is very frank with itself. There is nothing "crooked" that Wall street is not perfectly willing to believe possible. Wall street, however, judges entirely by results, not by methods, and anything which adversely affects the value of a stock, anything that threatens the doctrine of vested rights is then considered bad per se, leaving entirely out of consideration the question, merely ethical, as to how the value or the vested right was acquired. That under these circumstances the stock market should look forward with some trepidation to the coming session of the Congress is not surprising.

* * *

Financial prophets and weather prophets have a common failing. The rise of call loans to 15 and 25 per cent, has proved many a financial prognostication bad. Some of the foremost bankers declared early in the fall that there was no reason why money rates should advance beyond 5 per cent. In view of what has happened, it is evident that either these bankers overlooked certain contingencies or that conditions arose, upon which they could not possibly have counted. It is probable that very few money market experts had any idea that the flow of funds to the West for crop raising purposes would not return by the beginning of November. The usual rule in former years has been that this money, after performing its service in the Western banks would return at once and be available for service in Wall street. This year the money has stayed in the West. The demand for money from the business interests in Western manufacturing and farming centers has been so unprecedented that every available dollar has had to work overtime to accommodate the urgent necessities. In addition, however,

there has developed in the West a speculation far in excess of anything known since the boom days of 1891. This speculation has not turned to stocks or bonds, but in grain, provisions, mines and real estate, and the promotion of various Western enterprises with Western capital has tied up much of the funds which Wall street has expected would be available for its own uses.

Aside from these natural causes, there is a distinct belief credited in well-informed circles that the high money rates were due to a desire on the part of a certain clique of very powerful men to sell out some of their shares and buy them back at a lower price. This well-known process is termed by Wall street "shaking them out," "them" being the operators who are not very strong financially. It is asserted that the aid of at least one large national bank was commandeered for this purpose, although, of course, direct proof was lacking.

* * *

No matter what the cause of the sharp advance may have been, the fact that such an advance was possible is a reproach to the banking and monetary system in the United States. In England call money at 5 per cent. is considered high and of rare occurrence, and the same holds good of the money markets of France and Berlin. So long as our system of money is permitted to remain in its present crude state, no relief from these recurring periods of tight money may be expected, and just so long will the security markets be at the mercy of any unscrupulous group of financiers that may see an advantage to be gained by a break in prices.

* * *

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, who is constantly upholding the American monetary system, and whose efforts to improve it in a sane manner and with a view to curtailing the power of the banks have been nil, is so carrying himself just now that the effect is that of playing into the hands of those who desire to see lower prices. His attitude is severely criticized, for the pretense that he does not care to aid speculators is rather a flimsy one. Excessive speculation and reckless bolstering up of prices to an artificial level must never be en-

couraged, but there are speculators on both sides of the market and the question is whether his attitude did not aid the more powerful influences on the bear side. Wall street at this time remembers that other Treasury officials have become presidents of important banking institutions upon retirement from public office.

* * *

Every time that Wall street has a scare and prices break while the rest of the country continues serenely prosperous, we are informed that "there is really nothing the matter with the country." Paraphrasing this platitude and applying it to life insurance it appears that there is really nothing the matter with the life insurance business. E. H. Harriman testified a few days ago that one of his acts as a director of the Equitable Life was to "congratulate the officers on the splendid showing made by their monthly statements." Had the high financiers and the low politicians left the insurance business to himself, an investigation such as the one now being carried on might have showed some abuses in practice, but there would have been nothing heard of the malodorous plundering of the companies such as has been carried on through the influence of financially or politically powerful maggots.

Now that the worst is known the active insurance men who were in actual charge of the companies have by no means been proved the most culpable. James Hazen Hyde, for instance, whose testimony made a very excellent impression, seems to have sinned mainly by relying too trustingly on the advice of "friends." The instigators in almost every instance of all the doings that were reprehensible

seem to have been the men whose names adorn lists of "most eminent citizens."

The operation of removing the cancerous and parasitic growths that fattened at the expense of the policy holders has been painful, but out of the sick room the insurance companies will emerge stronger than ever, cleaner in management, and less likely to fall victims to a new set of microbes.

* * *

That the production of wealth in the United States at this time is far in excess of anything ever known before in the history of the country there can be no doubt. Crops exceed in value any ever gathered before; iron and copper production is breaking all records; railroad and interior shipping traffic is moving in volume hitherto not dreamed of; figures could be printed by the column to show the unprecedented prosperity of the country. The boom is in such full swing that it looks as if it could never stop. And yet it must be remembered that there have been just such years of record-breaking prosperity in previous periods of this country's history. The year 1902 was the last one to be hailed as the beginning of a limitless age of good times. And yet 1903 brought a bad depression in the stock market and a general slackening in the manufacturing production of the United States. Still further back in earlier years prosperity and depression will be found to have been following in each other's footsteps just as closely. The reason is very simple: that during a boom prices of all things rise until they reach a point where they stop consumption, so that the point when prosperity has reached the highest rung is the very point which will mark its descent.

EDWARD STUART.



